

The

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is not now permitted
~~The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth~~

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

When is a lie not a lie? When spoken by any member of the National Government.

When is the Truth not the Truth? When contradicted by the National Government.

It is surely unique in the history, not indeed of our own country, but of any country in the world, that those who govern should work in diametrical opposition to its welfare. It has been left to this country to produce this freak of nature.

The following Notes reflect the opinions of other papers coinciding with the views of the "Saturday Review."

Never!

The Toast of King George is drunk with enthusiasm in Moscow. In U.S.S.R. "Comrades, the King of England!" In England, soon perhaps, "Gentlemen, Lenin!"

These remarkable and nauseous words adorn the opening of a leading article in that notorious Socialist-Communist weekly *The New Statesman and Nation*, which welcomes what it calls "the creation of a sensible understanding between this country and Soviet Russia." Most Britons read with disgust of the hypocrisy which made possible the drinking of the toast of the King of England in Moscow by men who—or whose openly lauded predecessors—were responsible for the slaying of the King's kin and for the destruction and persecution of that Faith of which the King is the Defender.

All Britons will read with disgust and with anger

the suggestion that at any time in this country there would be tolerated, by any save traitors and disruptionists, the toast of Lenin.

The Arch-Criminal

Lenin the man was the arch-criminal of history.

Before his bloody deeds, his mass murders, his ruthless tyranny, the crimes of Nero, Tiberius, Caligula pale to insignificance. The memory of the atrocities of Caesar Borgia grow almost sweet in comparison with the memory of the evil which this heartless, conscienceless slaughterer of innocent men and women let loose upon the world.

This homicidal megalomaniac who by his acts boasted himself the Anti-Christ was as a man the embodiment of all which the traditions, the religion, and the morals of the English have taught them to hate with a righteous loathing.

Lenin the symbol is the gravest menace which the culture and civilisation of our race has ever faced. If there is one certainty in the public life of this nation it is this—that those who aspire to ally themselves with the murder and outrage upon which Soviet Russia was reared will incur a retribution from which there will be no escape or recovery.

—Sunday Dispatch.

Our Enemies

Russia still wishes this country ill; it is pledged by the Communist creed to work us ill. Moscow and London have not a single ideal or a single interest in common. The men who rule Russia have tirelessly announced that Britain is the arch-enemy which must be destroyed if Communism is to survive.

—Evening News.

That Dangerous Neighbour

There has appeared in the Press very serious news regarding the virtual formation of a Soviet Russian protectorate over Chinese Turkistan, which should give our mandarins some cause for reflection. Chinese Turkistan, or Sinkiang, is circled by Mongolia, more or less to the east, Tibet to the south, India to the south-west, and Russian Turkistan to the west and north. It will be gathered that by her penetration of Chinese Turkistan the Soviet Government comes right up to the Indian boundary, and the way will be open for the employment of all those underground intrigues which have brought about the present appalling anarchy in China itself.

The blow given to Soviet ambitions by the Japanese when they secured the independence of Manchukuo was certainly a serious one, but this new development on the borders of India will more than balance the loss in the north. Soviet Russia is the worst sort of neighbour any country could have, but it can be taken for certain that when our Ministers in Moscow, this is a subject which was not discussed. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has too great a regard for the ruffians at Moscow ever to consent to any sternness being introduced into our dealings with them.

—*The Patriot.*

Conservatism Deposed

In the present House of Commons there are 461 Conservatives, 35 National Liberals, and 13 National Socialists. At the General Election in 1931 the Conservatives received 11,926,000 votes, while the National Liberals secured 809,000, and the National Socialists 343,000 votes. It is obvious then that to remedy the débâcle, the product of the two years' Socialist Government under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the country turned to the Conservatives to save it, showing its disgust for the Socialist policy by reducing, from 276 to 52, that party's representation in the House.

It is necessary to bear these figures in mind in connection with the National Publicity Bureau propaganda which is to have a Conservative, a Liberal and a Socialist equally in control. Under this Bureau the country is to be educated for the next General Election, and it is already being argued that the Socialist and Liberal ingredients in the present National Government are so important that Conservative policy must be buried out of sight in order to secure their co-operation. The figures above do not bear out this contention.

The Confidence Trick

If the next election were fought out on the basis of Conservatism versus Socialism, the National Socialists would be incapable of returning a member of their own, and if their supporters went boldly into the camp of Sir Stafford Cripps—assuming he would have them—their secession

would do no harm to the Conservative cause. As against this loss of a few score thousand of votes the Conservatives could fight as a united Party, instead of being split, as recent by-elections have shown is likely to be the case, by the call for heeding the susceptibilities of the Socialist and Liberals.

Only six weeks ago Mr. Baldwin was giving Sir Samuel Hoare's constituents the benefit of his view that the Conservative Party alone could not win a clear majority in the United Kingdom, and the natural development of such weak-knees is to seek the aid of Socialist crutches. But it will still be a sick Party which will be thus supported. If Mr. Baldwin had had more of the leader in him he would have sought to find out what was the cause of this weakness, and in his investigations he could have hardly failed to find that it is just the pandering to Socialism which is splitting the Conservative Party.

—*The Patriot.*

Socialism for the Simple

It is a pity that we do not have more frequently such debates as took place in the House of Lords on the fundamental differences between Capitalism and Socialism, and the result was a complete vindication of the Capitalist system and an exposure of the hollowness of the case for Socialism. The debate arose on a motion by Lord Sanderson, the Socialist Peer, which declared that in view of the failure of the Capitalist system, it should be superseded by an industrial and social order based on the public ownership and democratic control of the instruments of production and distribution.

The champions of the Socialist case evidently thought the occasion was one for the use of the soft pedal. Lord Sanderson himself explained that the discussion would be concerned with Socialism, pure and simple, but those who could be deceived by Lord Sanderson's presentation of Socialism would indeed be simple.

—*"Information."*

No Mention of Sir Stafford Cripps

He drew a pretty and sentimental picture, well adapted for the use of Sunday Schools. Indeed, as Lord Crewe said, as a method of passing eternity it would be rather wanting in variety and incident. But it had some serious omissions. Lord Londonderry pointed out that in the whole course of the debate no Socialist had mentioned the name of Sir Stafford Cripps, though the "crisis" with which he is identified was frequently mentioned.

Lord Allen of Hurtwood, another Socialist of the idealist type, lamented that during the past dozen years the kind of Socialism preached by the Socialist Party had degenerated into a creed of envy and anger, and was creating a feeling of general apprehension. That is perfectly true. The Socialist plans for nationalising the banks and

industries, Mr. Morrison's threat that they will make "a clean sweep" of investments, their intention to govern without Parliament, to staff the banks, industries and all Government services with Socialists only, and the use they propose to make of public money to bribe masses of the people into supporting them in these projects, were entirely absent from the speeches of the Socialist Peers.

Yet that is the type of Socialism with which the country is concerned and not the humanitarian type preached by Lord Sanderson and Lord Allen. It is the type of Socialism manifested in menacing demonstrations against the Means Test, the type which is inspired by motives of hate and envy, and the hope of plunder that we have to meet and defeat.

Wealth is also being distributed by taxation. The whole of the direct taxes, income tax, super-tax, and death duties is paid by 3½ million people.

Another means of re-distributing the nation's wealth is by the social services, through which nearly £500,000,000 a year is divided among the working class.

Indeed, as Lord Mount Temple pointed out, it has been calculated that if all private property were taken over by the State, a family of four, after the transfer was made, would have a net amount of 5s. a week, or 1s. 3d. each, to add to their income. Is it worth while abolishing the Capitalist system for the price of a cinema seat?

—"Information."

Equality of Remuneration

By means of taxation and by a widespread system of social services we have gone far under Capitalism to bring about a more equal distribution of the national wealth. Lord Sanderson, however, desires to bring about complete equality.

"What we should have to do," he said, "would be to give every family its equal share of the national income. . . . There would be equal opportunities for education, equal rights to the good things of life generally."

Whatever might be our contribution to the national wealth, we would all get the same amount out of it; the lazy, the drunken, the stupid, the shiftless, would get the same rate of remuneration as the industrious, the able and the sober; the labourer would get as much as the foreman, the mechanic as much as the manager, the dustman as much as the doctor, and so on through the whole range of our social and industrial life. Lord Sanderson does not seem to know that this equality of remuneration was tried in Russia, and that it was quickly abandoned. "Equality of wages" is now laughed at in Socialist Russia as a silly bourgeois superstition.

—"Information."

Pacifists and War Medal Ribbon

An announcement appears that the Albert Hall is to be decorated with British war medal ribbon on the Jubilee celebration of the Empire Officers' Guild. In 1932, 900,000 yards of war medal ribbon were sold by the present pacifist Government under the excuse of economy; and this at a time when we shouldered a greatly increased expenditure on the Geneva "League of Nations," with its 1,100 officials, while £106,000 was squandered over the six weeks' fiasco of the 1933 Economic Conference. The sale of British war medal ribbon was part of an economy effected by closing down the Royal Army Clothing Factory, to which pacifists have always shown strong hostility, because of its manufacture of bright uniforms for the British Army "as tending to foster militarism." A saving of £22,000 was made by taking away the livelihood of about 750 women. The meanness of this pacifist economy was denounced at the time by a Socialist M.P.

Major Attlee. "They are the daughters and widows of dead soldiers. There are the cases of three and four sisters working there. They are all to be thrown out. . . . The Hon. Member said that Pimlico was in his constituency. Well, sweated tailoring is in mine. . . . It is not easy for women who have been working forty years in that factory to get another job."—*(Parliamentary Debates, 8 March, 1932.)*

—The Patriot.

The Jubilee Procession

Each of the Dominion Prime Ministers is to ride in a separate coach.

Why should not each of the visiting Premiers be escorted by a squadron of cavalry belonging to his own land? It would not be necessary to have more than twenty or thirty in each squadron, and there must be many ex-cavalry officers from all the Dominions living here in London or coming over for the Jubilee who would be delighted to volunteer for this cause.

The Agent-General for each Dominion would not have the slightest difficulty in finding recruits. Thus each part of the Empire would feel it was taking part in this historic event.

—Sunday Dispatch.

Beer is Best

This is the 400th anniversary of England's brewing industry.

Beer is a keen stimulant.

From the days of Elizabeth to the days of George III it was the staple drink of Englishmen at breakfast, lunch and supper.

Its reign coincided with our greatest creative work, our keenest wits, our brightest talkers.

—Sunday Express.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Ramsay MacDonald has gone to Stresa,
And everybody is asking why,
For he isn't a man who willingly plays a
Conspicuous part in the public eye;
In fact there was never, as all aver,
A more retiring Prime Minister.

Ramsay MacDonald has come to the surface,
Causing a stir that is quite profound,
For it mostly appears, when trouble shows *her* face,
That Ramsay MacDonald has gone to ground,
And is urging his colleagues to keep up their peckers,
From the mouth of the Lossie or maybe Chequers.

But Ramsay is fond of a bit of travel,
So out he comes, like a snake in Spring,
And who is better equipped to unravel
The kinks from which Europe is suffering,
And save it from being a total loss,
Than a Sovieter turned Tory boss?

Ramsay MacDonald has gone to Stresa—
The doctor says he can bear the strain—
With word from the Bolshies, the lads whose ways are
Dark and whose tricks are extremely plain,
As Ramsay very well ought to know,
For he tried on some of them long ago.

It's rather a pity we couldn't send Eden,
But he, poor soul, went looping the loop
In a howling gale, and it's rest he's needin',
Or was something wrong with the Soviet soup?
Still, all that's in sight is a pleasant chat,
And Ramsay MacDonald's the lad for that.

Besides, there's Simon, Sir John the Fearful,
Who'll give them the low-down on Germany.
I doubt he'll remember a tenth of the earful
That Hitler uncorked, but he means to try.
And if he forgets 'twill be no great bother,
For Ramsay MacDonald will spill them another.

Ramsay MacDonald has gone to Stresa,
And Mussolini will say to Laval:
"By the holy slippers of St. Theresa,
Does it take a Socialist-Liberal
Team to present us with Britain's views?
Has England gone goofy? Well that is news!

"These are the chaps that kept Europe guessing
When trouble was brewing in 1914.
Peace will be scuppered if they come messing,
And playing the meddlesome go-between."
"Our views precisely," the French will say,
"But how can we get them to stay away?"

Ramsay MacDonald has gone to Stresa,
And what do you think will he do there?
Row on the lake in his old school blazer
And sniff the salubrious mountain air,
And maybe sign up a pact or two
That will make war certain for me and you.

HAMADRYAD.

SOLD

By Kim

THE British nation having always been accustomed in the past to leaders who were loyal gentlemen who loved England and put the welfare and safety of their country first are slow to believe that men in such exalted positions could so neglect their duty. It takes some time for matters of national import to sink in even when they are of a major character. With the Jubilee celebrations of our beloved King and Queen on the eve of being observed, no one wants the nation to be clouded by thoughts or apprehensions of the future, but we who think of these matters seriously are very greatly troubled.

The British character, which is generally cheerful and sanguine, faces insurmountable obstacles with the same happy optimism which so marvellously distinguished them in the last war. Perhaps it would be more true to say we ignore obstacles until we are up against them. No nation less understands foreign complications which strike at the very heart of our existence—simply because we expect and have a right to expect that the men who are paid huge salaries to look after our safety and welfare—will do what we so generously pay them to do—and we cannot realise that we are being deceived and bilked. No doubt this is due to our having had in the past splendid patriots whom we could trust at our head—instead of the shrunken creatures that now sit in the seats of the mighty.

The shuffling undignified peregrinations of Sir John Simon and Mr. Anthony Eden to the various capitals of Europe have made us look like mud in the eyes of those who know the dire effects of the "National" Government's policy of disarming. To readers of the *Saturday Review* it is, of course, no new thing. Lady Houston, whose public spirit, intuition and knowledge of events are rare, has conducted this journal at great expense and, what is far more important, with a great drain on her health, **IN ORDER TO TELL THE NATION THE TRUTH.** She has experienced considerable difficulties in doing so, for there are powerful forces arrayed against her by those who fear the Truth more than anything.

But they have been forced at last to admit what we have been asserting for years past—that Great Britain is quite incapable of defending herself if war breaks out. Sir John Simon must have had his eyes wide open to Germany's coming armed ascendancy LONG AGO. Otherwise it suggests that our Secret Service, once the most efficient in Europe, was also sacrificed and tampered with when we were made to surrender our military, naval and air supremacy after the War—but as we in the Saturday Review knew

what was going on—we do not believe that Sir John Simon was ignorant. When he was questioned in the House last week he admitted Herr Hitler had candidly informed him that Germany had already attained her Air parity with ourselves (will he please explain why Lady Houston's offer to give £200,000 for the air defence of London was not accepted?). But this was only a vestige of the truth, for Herr Hitler was adhering solely to the strict military sense. Actually, by her concentration on the civil side of aviation, adaptable for war, Germany is far and away the most powerful nation in Europe—in personnel, machines, and manufacturing power, all of which have been most wickedly neglected. Not only have we neglected civil aviation, **BUT THE GOVERNMENT PLACED EVERY RESTRICTION IN ITS WAY TO DISCOURAGE AND REPRESS IT.** Mr. Ramsay MacDonald refused to allow us to enter for the Schneider Trophy until Lady Houston herself financed it. Hitherto our Ministers, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Stanley Baldwin, have fooled and lulled the people's fears. They have talked about "scaremongers," and on three occasions they have pledged us to create real parity with the strongest nation in Europe, never having had the slightest intention of doing this.

They have deluded the nation, but we are not going to believe they were deluded themselves. But this charge of wilfully neglecting the defences of the nation need not emanate from us. Let Mr. Garvin of the *Observer* be cited—Mr. Garvin, for so long the fan of the National Government and all its works, including the League of Nations and all the Disarmament Conferences now seen to have been abortive throughout. Mr. Garvin accuses the Government of a "REMARKABLE DELUSION" regarding relative air strength and shows that it is now impossible for us to create real parity with Germany. In other words, the National Government have deliberately and carefully placed the nation into a state of dangerous inferiority and peril.

Mr. Garvin says our position as regards national defence is "MUCH MORE UNSATISFACTORY" than it has ever been before. We are sworn on paper to defend France and Belgium against aggression, but we do not possess anything like the degree of any air-power to defend ourselves. *We are so hopelessly weak that the real question is not whether we should stand by France but whether she would stand by us, and he adds ominously: "IT IS NOT SHE WHO POSSESSES MOST OF THE FORMER GERMAN COLONIES," AND ONE FINAL QUOTATION FROM*

MR. GARVIN SHOULD BE MADE. HE SAYS OUR "ONE-SIDED DISARMAMENT" BEGAN AFTER THE WAR WITH THE SACRIFICE OF OUR AIR SUPREMACY, "one of the hughest blunders in all history," and he is right.

These are serious words, the more so in view of their source. Mr. Garvin is in close contact with most important politicians and, having done his level best hitherto to support the "National" Government in all its gyrations, it is all the more significant. Does it mean that Sir John Simon told a damnable lie last week when he allowed it to be thought that at the worst Germany was equal to us in the air? Whereas SHE IS INFINITELY SUPERIOR, so much so that *there is no chance of catching up with her for years, even if the Government voted large sums for air defence to-morrow*—which they have no intention of doing.

Does it mean that Mr. Baldwin has lulled the nation to sleep by false declarations and that Lord Hailsham, Secretary of State for War, Lord Londonderry, Minister for Air, and Sir Philip Sassoon, Under-Secretary of State for Air—being honest men—have all been fooled? ?

Again, if I may enlist once more the TRUTH (now forbidden to be used in this journal) it is becoming daily more apparent to everyone that our Air disarmament and the dragging down of the Navy and Army was not a "blunder" but a well-thought-out betrayal. There is no shred of evidence that, outside pacifists like Lord Marley, Mr. Fenner Brockway and other unimportant people needless to specify, the nation has ever approved of disarmament, nor has it even been asked. When successive Governments walked into that booby trap set by the late President Wilson, called the League of Nations, the nation never had any confidence in it, and it scarcely began to function before disarmament was broached. From the very beginning the common-sense of the British public caused them to realise

that disarmament and brotherly peace was the chimera of a half-crazy American. The mentality of these politicians of ours who backed it was strangely enough MAINLY THAT OF MEN WHO HAD BELITTLED THE EMPIRE and in some cases with a record during the War scarcely illustrious. The man in the street recognised plainly enough that if disarmament were agreed upon it must be the disarmament of all and not only of ourselves when there was no guarantee that others would follow. But the man in the street, who pays the piper, has never even been consulted about the tune, which has been that "Britannia must never rule the waves again."

But they pretended they thought to set the world the fashion. We, with the greatest and wealthiest Empire in the world's history, have been made deliberately to cut down our defences below the margin of safety. Again and again have this Government been warned, but never have they heeded. None so deaf as those who do not want to hear!

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, entirely responsible for all this, has gone to Stresa to talk things over with Signor Mussolini, M. Flandin, and M. Laval. His Moscow friends will no doubt tell him what to say—that there is no substitute for peace except a mutual pact to prevent aggression, meaning a ring round Germany. (And a precious lot of good that will be!) Our own newspapers are wobbling at sixes and sevens. Lord Beaverbrook, like Horatius on the Bridge, proposes to face Europe single-handed. Lord Rothermere will have nothing to do with Moscow in any event. France looks askance at us, for we can only talk and not supplement our views with any military resources. They will all talk while Herr Hitler and his lieutenants, who wish to get Germany on top, conscious of their strength, will go on preparing—and who can say them nay? Are we, as Lady Houston scornfully said, ALL DEAF, DUMB, BLIND AND PARALYTIC?

The A.B.C. of India

What it is all about

By the Saturday Reviewer

THE British public must be thoroughly fogged by this Indian controversy. "The Federal system," "Responsibility at the Centre," "Provincial Autonomy"—such long words and large phrases are used by the politicians and echo in the resounding emptiness. They mean anything or nothing.

If the reader would understand what is intended he must try to imagine the real life of India, and that is very difficult, because India is so big and so complicated. There are so many Indias, that it is just as if one were asked to imagine Europe.

Let us proceed by one or two little pictures. Take, for example, the life of a British magistrate in one of the bad areas of Bengal. He works with

a loaded revolver on his table in front of him; he sleeps with the weapon by his bedside. If he goes out he is guarded by armed police. His wife is similarly protected. Yet every now and then some assassin breaks through the watch; the sharp crack of an automatic and the Englishman falls dead or wounded on the straw mat of his office-floor.

Recently, it may be said, there has been a cessation of these crimes, but let not the reader imagine that Terrorism has been brought to an end. On the contrary, there is good reason to believe that the word has gone out to the Terrorist organisations to hold their hand and wait until the new system of Government is working, until there has been an amnesty for prisoners, until the Police have been transferred to the control of their

enemies, the Congress politicians. Then the time will come for what they long have planned—a general massacre of the British in Bengal.*

This brings us to another picture, the Indian Police. Altogether there are some two hundred thousand of this great force in India, poorly paid, yet loyal and keen and proud of their Service, looking to their handful of British officers with a devotion wonderful to consider. They are divided in small packets over the length and breadth of India. They keep order by sheer force of discipline over vast hordes of people, and sometimes over seething crowds worked up almost to madness by some religious quarrel—a calf butchered near a temple by a Mohammedan, a Hindu band beating tomtoms outside a Mosque.

They keep order; they hold riot at bay until a telegram brings up a regiment in support. They are the eyes and the ears of the Army; their Secret Service penetrates unobtrusively into the inner councils of the Terrorists' societies. They keep watch and ward and India as a result is quiet.

Common Hate

Then another picture, the Indian National Congress. Some hundred thousand of the hungry semi-educated intelligentsia, envious, bitter, eloquent, superficially clever, with nothing to lose, feeding one another on a common hate. Behind them are deeper and more substantial people—a clique of Brahmins of a class which misruled India before the British came and have never forgiven us for the dispossession, and a clique of Indian moneylenders, traders and business men, who will not be content until they drive British trade clean out of India and exercise the undisputed right of exploiting the Indian peasantry—the vast bulk of the population.

Let us remember also that Congress is the only organised political party in India; that it has won a majority of the elective seats in the Legislatures; that it is filled with ambition to take over the Government, and that it hates the officials and the police, who stand in the way, with a consuming hatred. It is the patron of the Terrorists.

This enormous and complicated Bill which Sir Samuel Hoare is pushing through so sedulously—what does it all mean? It simply comes to this, that the Police and the Magistracy (as well as nearly every part of the British Government in India) are to be handed over to a Government comprised of Congress politicians. When we understand that we understand everything. There is little else worth considering in the Bill.

Why is it being done? There lies a mystery. It may be treason or panic or mere folly. Is it possible to imagine cowardice fallen so low as to propose to hand over the police in order to conciliate the law breaker? Yet such is the essence of the business. Our politicians want to conciliate Congress; they have not succeeded, yet they are

still desperately pressing forward with the measure. The police, the courts, the magistracy—they are offered to the enemies of all three.

It was thought useful to say that the Indian Civil Service was in favour of this surrender, and Mr. Baldwin, the most honest man in the Cabinet, said it. After it was said, the Indian Civil Service were not allowed to express their opinions before the Joint Select Committee. Neither were the Police. When a telegram was put in giving the views of the Bengal Police, it was not allowed to be read and was expunged from the minutes.

Now it might be fair to say that the I.C.S. and the Police, being servants of Government, have no right to express opinions on matters of policy. But it is manifestly unfair for the politician to misrepresent that opinion and then prevent these servants from telling the truth.

The I.C.S. of Bengal, being between the Devil and the Deep Sea, between the fear of official censure on the one side and of being handed over to the Congress and the Terrorists on the other, were in rather a desperate position. They stated their case and circulated it among themselves as the basis of a modest representation to the Secretary of State. This confidential statement came into the hands of the *Morning Post* which incontinently published it—thereby showing that the truth was not in Mr. Baldwin, and that the I.C.S. disliked and distrusted the whole policy of being handed over to Congress. It would be strange, indeed, were it otherwise.

Expert at Surrender

Sir Samuel Hoare was in a fix and in his difficulty bethought himself of the Governor of Bengal, Sir John Anderson. Sir John is an efficient and useful Civil Servant. When the surrender of Southern Ireland was being pushed through, Sir John Anderson was made Permanent Under-Secretary in Dublin. When the surrender of India was to be pushed through, he was made Governor of Bengal. He knows nothing of India, but he has some practice in surrenders.

Sir John Anderson dutifully reported to Sir Samuel Hoare, and Sir Samuel Hoare to the House of Commons, that the secret statement of the Bengal I.C.S. was the work of only three or four disgruntled officials—one of the drafts of the memorial which had been rejected by the Association.

It is not so. The document in question was drawn up by the Committee of the I.C.S. (Bengal branch) Association. It was circulated among Members; there were only six dissentients out of 140 members, and in due course it became the basis on which the Memorial was drafted. This is clear from internal evidence, and it may be established by direct testimony.

The plain truth is that the Administration of India is being handed over as a sacrifice to its enemies; it is being dragged to the altar; it is crying out desperately, and the Secretary of State is trying to stifle its cries. *Will he succeed?*

* That this was part of the discovered plans of a recent and formidable part of the conspiracy is admitted by Sir Samuel Hoare in his memorandum on Terrorism printed as an appendix to the Report of the Joint Committee.

Eve in Paris

PUBLIC opinion in France has been chiefly concerned with events abroad, and dangers to be anticipated. Recently, however, her internal policy absorbed attention, grave conditions arising to threaten M. Flandin's Government. His speech at Vincennes had made a bad impression, reducing his Parliamentary majority; he was accused of not seconding General Weygand's efforts to organise instant and adequate National Defence, and Parliamentarians speculated as to possible successors to the Minister of the Council. Laval? He would not leave the Quai d'Orsay for the Hotel Matignon. Tardieu? A sick man. Who then?

M. Flandin's speech last week relieved anxiety. He declared the Government had taken military measures, necessary credits having been voted for these and for aviation. He secured a large vote of confidence.

Meanwhile the Common Front rejoices, for Blois has elected the Radical-Socialist Laurens, a protégé of M. Chautemps. When the victory was announced the ex-Minister, from the steps of the Prefecture, addressed the Electors, congratulating them upon their action. "You have saved the Republic," he declared. "Your example will be followed, and now let us cry 'Vive la République.'"

But the crowd cried "Vive les Soviets," and sang *l'Internationale*.

IGNORING the official proclamation of Summer Time the weather remained dull and chilly, but blossoms are appearing. Considering the dearth of tourists Paris is fairly full, and dress-makers who possess French clientèles are busy exhibiting and taking orders. Hard times or not, the Parisienne will have good clothes, perfectly cut and made, and her simple-looking little frocks sometimes cost surprising sums. She has not many dresses, and favours black, economic wear compared with colours, which require different accessories for each toilette.

THE first great subscription ball held for charity by the Society "On Dansera" proved a great success. Many charming girls wore white and looked demure as Victorian Belles—until they turned their backs, which were nude to below the waist, according to present fashion. Amongst energetic dancers Don Carlos de Bourbon-Orleans and his partner, Mlle. de Jaucourt, appeared noticeably graceful. Every one enjoyed the evening, politics and "*La Crise*" being taboo as topics.

The young Parisians have had little gaieties of late, private entertaining being chiefly confined to the diplomatic world.

The Italian Ambassador and Countess Morano

di Custoza gave a banquet last week in honour of the Minister of Marine and Madame Pietri. Among the guests were the Swiss Minister and Madame Dunand. The Dunands have been in Paris since 1917, and the Minister's wife has made many friends who admire her simplicity and charm and devotion to good works. Others present were M. and Madame Henri-Pathé, the Marquis de Chambrun and M. André de Fouquières.

The constant hospitalities of the American Embassy are much missed when, as recently, Mr. and Mrs. Strauss depart on brief holidays. Mrs. Strauss was presented at the first Court of the London Season and it is rumoured—falsely, Parisians hope—that Mr. Strauss may be the next American Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

He was in Paris for the banquet given to Sir Robert Horne, and, with the Canadian Minister, listened attentively to the former Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech on Germany's attitude and the urgent necessity that England should increase her armaments.

AN alarming depreciation in the values of real estate (unparalleled since the days of the Revolution) has taken place here during the last few years.

In 1918 wild speculation commenced in Parisian house property, and in country estates, fantastic prices being obtained. The Hotel Massa, Avenue des Champs Elysées, with 4,000 metres of ground fetched 36,000,000 francs in 1926. It was resold in 1928 for eighty millions.

An American woman bought, in the Rue Barbet de Jouy, a house built during the Second Empire. It was rather dilapidated and had recently been valued at two millions; she acquired it for four and a half millions. A mansion in the Place de l'Etoile, one of those erected by Napoleon III for his generals, found a purchaser at ten millions, although very heavy ground rents had to be paid also. Country châteaux were sought after, chiefly by Americans, and the charming villas of Neuilly and Passy with beautiful gardens were in demand for the erection of huge apartment houses.

The crash came abruptly in 1931. In June one of the delightful hotels whose gardens lead into the Park Monceau, ensuring quiet, rarely attainable in Paris, was put up to auction with a reserve of five millions. In December the owners accepted under two millions, and house property went on depreciating to about sixty per cent. A certain agent has for sale in the Avenue du Bois neighbourhood no less than 70 fine dwellings owned by Americans. He is awaiting multi-millionaire purchasers who fail to appear, and on many houses may be read placards "*vente sur saisie*." The Government, however, is lenient in the matter of unpaid taxes. Drastic measures would only result in a panic.

BUDGET *and the* TAX-PAYER

By OUR CITY EDITOR

MONDAY is Budget Day, a great day for the Chancellor of the Exchequer but hardly for the taxpayer. In these days of growing Government control and Socialism, in whatever name it may be practised, the taxpayer looks forward to little mercy, and his worst fears are usually realised.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain will doubtless feel no little satisfaction in rising to announce a surplus on the past year of £7,560,000, as is apparent from the preliminary figures, but this satisfaction must be tempered with misgiving when the Chancellor has to add that the surplus has been accomplished entirely at the expense of the income-taxpayer. That long-suffering individual will no doubt receive the patronising pat on the back reserved for those who have the doubtful privilege of paying up, but it is generally accepted as most unlikely that praise for the taxpayer will take the form of any tax remission.

Before considering the future, let us look at the past year's national finances. The Chancellor budgeted for a decline of £9,432,000 in income-tax receipts following on the reduction from 5s. to 4s. 6d. in the standard rate; in effect the reduction in income-tax revenue amounted to only £55,000.

FRENZIED FINANCE

Decline in sur-tax receipts also gives him over £1,000,000 in hand and, owing to several windfalls in the shape of Death Duties, the decline in these receipts is under £4,000,000, compared with an estimated £9,270,000. In passing, it may be remarked once more that the bringing into revenue of capital items such as Death Duties is nothing short of frenzied finance. The only excuse for such a high scale of Death Duties as exists at present would be the earmarking of such revenue for the redemption of debt.

Customs have proved their value, if it were ever doubted, by contributing an increase of nearly £6,000,000, but the much overworked excise item has disappointed to the extent of £1,750,000. These are the chief items in a year when the excess over the budgeted figure of nearly £3,000,000 in expenditure was compensated by a rise in revenue of £9,921,000 achieved, as indicated above, mainly at the expense of the income-taxpayer.

To turn to prospects for 1935-36, it seems likely that the Chancellor will have to budget for increased expenditure of something like £30,000,000. The Defence estimates show an increase of £10,539,000, of which £3,950,000 is due to the Army, £3,089,000 to the Air Force and

£3,500,000 to the Navy. In view of our apparent requirements, following the expenditure on abortive attempts to secure Disarmament, the increase seems modest enough, and it is to be noted that the estimate for Civil Aviation, though £82,000 higher, now amounts only to £595,000. If anything like an armament race commences this year supplementary estimates for Defence are likely to appear.

Estimates of revenue for the current year turn largely on the yield to be derived from income-tax. This will be levied on profits for 1934-35, and it is idle to pretend that these will not show a very large increase over the previous year's figures. *The Economist* estimates an increase of over 16 per cent. in company profits and, while these do not wholly represent the sources of income-tax, which are hardly likely generally to show such a large increase, it is quite possible to visualise a rise in income-tax receipts of anything up to £30,000,000. Here, then, is roughly the increased revenue for which the Chancellor will be looking to meet the rise in Civil and Defence estimates.

THE NATIONAL DEBT

So far we have ignored that huge item of expenditure, Interest and Management of the National Debt, for which £224,000,000 was budgeted a year ago. Actual expenditure was under £212,000,000, some £12,000,000 becoming available for debt redemption, and the method of this saving is worthy of some examination. During the past year money rates have been kept at an artificially low level which has enabled the Government to borrow on Treasury Bills at ridiculously low rates, even 3s. 11d. per cent. being reached on one occasion. By this means the Government has benefited at the expense of the banks and discount houses, many of the latter being unable to make a living without recourse to a mild gamble in the gilt-edged market. In addition, Trustees and other purchasers of Government stocks have been forced to accept a return of less than 2½ per cent. on their money, and this subject to tax at 4s. 6d. in the £. The triumph of the Budget Surplus, then, has been achieved at a heavy cost to the *rentier*, the receiver of a salary or income from investments.

Already the popular Press is beginning to earmark for its friends and readers the supposed surplus for 1935-36. Is it too much to hope that the Chancellor will take his courage in both hands, realising the burden on industry of a high income-tax rate, and produce a Budget of confidence with a reduction in income-tax? It is more within the bounds of sound finance to budget for expected revenues than to spend up to the hilt all the funds which are definitely known to exist. And a big surplus will only persuade our American friends to think that we can afford more—for War Debts!

Your Little Englanders

By Christen Hansen

(Danish Author of "The English Smile")

MANY things struck me as queer when first I came to live in the British Isles. Politics, for example, seemed like Noah's Ark, containing at least a couple of every known species, however rare and fantastic. But the quaintest creature in the whole collection was a little man whose political gospel could be summed up in two words:—"Little Englander."

Looking back on my early life, I understand my ever-deepening urge to visit England, country of my dreams. In school I had been taught the glory and splendour of the British Empire, greater and more powerful than any dream of Alexander or Caesar. It fired my imagination. At the earliest moment I secured a passport and hastened to discover for myself the psychological secret which had enabled the British to dominate so much of this planet.

Hardly had I arrived when a fellow countryman landed me at a cocktail party in Bloomsbury, where, in a brace of shakes I found myself *lête a tête* with my first little Englander.

Without invitation or hesitation this young man plunged into a fervent denunciation of the British Empire. With glowing eyes and growing eloquence he pronounced every achievement of his compatriots as inspired by cunning, greed and stupidity.

At first I was puzzled. I thought he was trying to be funny, although the joke did not strike me as in good taste. Then it dawned upon me that he was serious, and meant every word he said. I was a foreigner, and therefore a sympathetic audience. He was making the most of this heaven-sent opportunity of parading his peculiar convictions.

DENUNCIATION

The British were a nation of busybodies, I learned to my surprise. Had they the slightest trace of a conscience they would cease their clumsy meddling with the destinies of mankind, withdraw from their countless possessions, and send themselves to Coventry in their own small island. The government of the Empire should be handed over to the aboriginals, black, yellow and brown, for whose culture and abilities he had the greatest admiration.

As the young man continued his monologue I had time to examine him more attentively. In England it is not easy to guess a stranger's occupation, partly through the national reticence, and partly because so many have never had one. But I am not far out in putting him down as an intellectual bank clerk. He had all the hallmarks of the intelligentsia, horn-rimmed glasses, long nose, nails and hair. The polish missing from his shoes was found on the seat of his trousers.

Like all intellectuals, he had at the end of his tongue the solution of all earthly problems. He spoke lovingly of the India Bill, of which he

seemed to know each clause by heart. "Why, Mr. Hansen, should England rule India if Indians object? What are *your* views on the Indian question?"

I replied that, in my opinion, there was no question at all. Of course Britain should continue to rule India, and rule it firmly. As administrators of native races, the British have long held first place in the judgment of all civilized nations. This deserved praise of his fellow-country men earned me a glance of pitying disdain. Two minutes later he had fled the party.

Although so vociferous, the apostles of Little England are really few in number. Some years elapsed before I met that bank clerk's female counterpart from the political Noah's Ark. And, as your poet Kipling puts it, the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

THE SPINSTER SPEAKS

She was a spinster with features more Euclidean than Rubenesque, whom I strongly suspected of teaching algebra in a draughty nursery. Apologising for some un-English turn of phrase, I added in explanation:—"I am sorry, I am afraid I am a foreigner."

"Sorry!" she echoed shrilly. "Why, you should be proud of it." She followed this with a fulsome eulogy of Denmark, Danes and all things Danish. I happen to be born in Denmark. My country, she assured me, was the most truly democratic, and therefore the most praiseworthy of all nations.

Diffidently I suggested that democracy had its drawbacks, and that her admiration for "Little Denmark" might be considerably damped down if she had to shop in the Copenhagen of 1935. Although an emancipated woman, she might not care for brandy or Havana cigars, which is just as well, as both are prohibited. So are oranges, bananas, figs and all imported fruit. An adverse trade balance has made it impossible to pay for such luxuries. It is the small countries which suffer in a financial crisis.

A yard of grey flannel costs twenty-five shillings in Denmark, I told her. In London it is twenty shillings cheaper. But the good lady was ready to submit to far worse things for the sacred cause of Little England. Unhampered by any knowledge of the subject, she continued to insist upon my great good luck in being born a foreigner, and revenged herself for my obtuse opposition by inveigling me into an interminable rumba. Her conception of this dance was as remarkable as her political views—she skidded about the parquet like an electrified goat.

As a humble foreigner I fail to understand how Britain continues to endure these Little Englanders. But after all, I suppose old Noah had to tolerate his brace of skunks!

Baldwin and Disraeli

By Sir Lionel Haworth

MR. BALDWIN has again been discoursing on Disraeli. Addressing the Junior Imperial League at the Albert Hall he told his young audience that there was no need to look for new principles for the Conservative Party. Those laid down by that great leader, Disraeli, amongst which he named the maintenance of the Empire, were those which we should follow.

How true, and how like Mr. Baldwin to cover his honest tracks by this method. It is interesting to hear what he has to say about Disraeli. It is still more interesting to hear what Disraeli has to say about Mr. Baldwin and by a curious coincidence we can find it. In Disraeli's time there was also a leader who maintained that he was a Conservative yet who followed every Liberal thought and idea, who, like Mr. Baldwin, brought in a bill supported by the Liberal Party, though damned by every Conservative, who passed that bill with the assistance of the Liberal opposition in the teeth of Conservative voters.

Peel, like Mr. Baldwin, appeared to be in a secure position, but Peel, again like Mr. Baldwin, drove a wedge into the heart of the Conservative Party, and split it in two. It has taken us 70 years to undo the harm that Peel did to our trade, to repeal the act. If Mr. Baldwin gets his India Bill into force we can never repeal it except when blood and anarchy have done their worst, and our losses in trade have ruined us. And then some foreign country may do it for us.

THE RIGHT ROAD

We are told we cannot go back now. Disraeli was faced with the same remark and his criticism is only too true to-day. "To go back," he said, "is easy if we have missed our way on the road upwards. It is impossible only when the road is downhill."

But anyone desiring to condemn Mr. Baldwin's policy can do no better than use the actual words of the great man whom our leader is wont to quote as his inspiration. It was of Peel, of whom Disraeli said, as we say to-day of our Conservative leader, that he had found the Liberals bathing and had stolen their clothes.

Conservatives to-day, complaining of Mr. Baldwin, say that he should leave Socialist measures to be passed by Socialist governments. Let us have Disraeli on the same subject:—

I prefer that such measures should be proposed by the Hon. Member for Stockport (Cobden) than by one who though skilful in Parliamentary manoeuvre has tampered with the generous confidence of a great people and a great party. For myself, I care not what may be the result. Dissolve, if you please, the Parliament whom you have betrayed and appeal to the people who I believe mistrust you.

Mr. Baldwin would no doubt reply that the Government he belongs to is not a Conservative Government. How true! The Ministers in the important posts, representing a small handful of Liberals and Socialists, are out of all proportion to the great body of Conservatives. But how true, also, of our Conservative majority.

Mr. Baldwin, in pressing his India Bill upon us, tells us to listen to the advice of the Viceroy and ex-Viceroy, the Socialist Lord Chelmsford, the Liberal Lord Reading, and the Liberal Lord Willingdon, and of course, Lord Irwin. Let us hear what Disraeli says about such Liberals and their Empire policy.

EMPIRE BREAKERS

Gentlemen, if you look to the history of this country since the advent of Liberalism . . . you will find there has been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported by so much energy and carried on with so much ability and acumen as the attempts of Liberalism to effect the disintegration of the Empire of England. And, gentlemen, of all its efforts this is the one which has been the nearest to success. Statesmen of the highest character, writers of the most distinguished ability, the most organised and efficient means have been employed in this endeavour . . . those who advise their policy looked even upon our connection with India as a burden . . . totally passing by those moral and political considerations which make nations great.

It might have been written to-day. Yet Mr. Baldwin has the effrontery to tell the Junior Imperial League to follow Disraeli's principles, while instructing them, at the same time, to follow the ideas and advice of the Liberal party on Imperial politics, ideas which Disraeli condemned with all the force at his command. But then Mr. Baldwin has also told us that the policy of the Conservative Party, which we inherited from Disraeli, was wrong!

And now the "National" Party which was formed for a temporary purpose is to be perpetuated. The Conservative organisation is to be used to propagate this idea and Liberal and Socialist principles are to be held as sacred. Nothing must be said against them because of the Liberals and Socialists in the Government.

No "party dog fight." Imagine Disraeli in such a situation, the man who stood for party above all things, for a party and for its principles!

But Mr. Baldwin, still extolling the great leader, asks instead for his slogan "No Party and Less Principles."

This follower of Disraeli tells us that the days of Empire as we knew them are done, that the Conservative Party cannot win an election. Can he imagine that a policy of negatives can ever make a leader or keep an Empire?

But he has told us, this Conservative, he has

broadcast it to the world, that he would rather lead non-party men than any party. No wonder he betrays the party and the principles of Disraeli whom he so lightly quotes, for it is principles which make a party.

There is one last quotation which we can find. It is to the effect that "they ask us for loyalty to a leader who has betrayed every Conservative principle."

Truly history repeats itself. But Disraeli left that leader rather than give up those principles which had made his country great, the principles which under his guidance and leadership again restored England to its Imperial position, the position which Mr. Baldwin surrounded by his

Liberal-Socialist friends, but still quoting Disraeli, tells us belongs to a day which is done.

Are the Conservatives of to-day content to follow such leadership? It is easy to point to the measures in the Government policy which are helping us to slide down the slippery path to Socialism and to loss of Empire. Is there any Conservative in the country who can tell us the Conservative policy of the Conservative Party? To such a position has Mr. Baldwin's leadership reduced us, while Conservative members of Parliament are afraid to express what they think for fear of "splitting the party." Let them realise that if they would follow the fearless example of Disraeli there would be no split party. It would be a party united and strong.

Moral of Danzig and Memel

By Robert Machray

IT is well worth while to turn for a time from the exploration of the possibilities, in themselves not too promising, of further peace plans, with pacts attached, at Stresa or Geneva in the quest for the organisation of peace, and instead to consider two sets of closely related facts, bearing on the situation in North-Eastern Europe, and arising out of the Elections at Danzig and the position in Memel, which are far more truly informative of realities on the Continent. Nowhere than in this region of the Southern and Eastern Baltic can be seen more clearly the direction taken by the policy of the German Government, and the means employed to give it effect.

A glance at the map shows that Danzig lies on the west, and Memel on the east, of East Prussia, that province of Germany which was separated from the main body of the Reich by the Treaty of Versailles. Danzig was created a Free City under the League of Nations, but with important political and economic rights reserved for Poland. Memel and its territory were eventually placed under Lithuania, but with autonomy prescribed for their inhabitants, most of whom were Germans or Germanised. Danzig was indubitably German, and still is so; to-day Memel is German far more than anything else. Notwithstanding the treaty, Germany never abandoned hope of recovering both, and their return is an essential feature of the Nazi programme.

Result of Hostility

As Poland had no port on the coast of the so-called "corridor," she was given certain rights in Danzig port and territory. The intention, originally at least, was that Danzig should serve as sea port for all Poland, but the Danzigers showed themselves very hostile to the Poles in various ways, and this led the latter to construct Gdynia, now by long odds the most up-to-date port on the Baltic, some twelve miles north-west of

Danzig. Poland maintained that she required both Danzig and Gdynia for her expanding trade and commerce, but the Danzigers felt that they had been relegated to the second place. Originally, too, Memel was reserved as a port for Lithuania; no other was possible.

In 1933 the elections in Danzig for the Volkstag, the local Parliament, resulted in making the Free City a Nazi stronghold. The Ten-Years' non-aggression pact in 1934 between Germany and Poland eased matters a good deal, but the German character of the territory remained unchanged. The elections which took place last Sunday did not show that sweeping victory for the Nazis which had been expected, but they did show an increased majority. Our Press spoke of a Nazi defeat, but it was a check rather than that, and Danzig is unquestionably Nazi.

Might and Right

That terroristic methods were used to intimidate doubtful voters is almost certainly the case, just as in the Saar, but the vital significance of the vote is hardly altered by such accusations—it was a vote for Hitler, his régime, and above all for his repudiation of the Versailles Treaty. The elections were preceded by speeches made by men of a prominence in Germany only slightly less than that of Hitler himself—Hess, Goering, Goebbels—and it was the last-named who was perhaps the most emphatic and intransigent in what he said, the pith of it being contained in the words:—

"We have broken out of the strait-jacket of Versailles. We have smashed that treaty; we have broken through the iron bands into which they had forced us. We did not listen to false humanitarian phrases—we fought our way out on the principle that he who possesses the might gets the right." Then follows the amazing statement, "We built up an army not to wage war, but to guard peace," but this must be qualified by what had gone before—"Who possesses the might gets

the right." MIGHT—that is the sum and substance of Hitler's Germany, in Danzig, Memel, the Baltic and elsewhere.

What exactly is the reaction of Poland to these declarations is rather obscure. During the elections two Poles belonging to the Polish Legation were roughly handled by a party of uniformed Nazis, and Poland has demanded satisfaction for this diplomatic outrage. Doubtless it will be given, for Hitler's present tactic is to keep on good terms with Poland, but she can hardly escape thinking that it will not be prudent to believe everything he says. The position of Poland is difficult, and these occurrences in Danzig can only make it more so.

As regards Memel, the treason trial, with four of the accused sentenced to death and many others to long terms of imprisonment, has further embroiled a situation already sufficiently acute. While there is not the least doubt that Nazi

intrigue has been rife in Memel and Memelland with the object of subverting Lithuania's rule over the territory by fomenting revolution from within, it must also be admitted that in their efforts to cope with this threat the Lithuanians have gone beyond what was permitted by the Statute which, while it conferred autonomy, limited their jurisdiction. And, of course, the German Government will make the most of this situation.

But both Danzig and Memel have a deeper significance than may appear on the surface, for the attitude of Germany to them typifies and indeed emphasises her attitude to the whole Baltic question, which, simply stated, is whether she is to be dominant in that sea or not. During the Great War the Baltic was in effect a German lake, and to make it that again is the aim of the Nazis, as some of their leaders do not hesitate to proclaim. But the freedom of the Baltic is unquestionably a British interest—something real in the midst of unrealities—and it must not be lost sight of.

Variety Holidays

By "Blenheim"

ONE of the nuisances about travel—I think Mr. Chesterton said it first—is that it narrows the mind. To test this statement, take a globe-trotter to the top of Snowden to see the sunrise. If he doesn't turn his back on a wonderful sight and speculate peevishly as to what the hotel is going to give him for breakfast, then I'm wrong, and will admit it handsomely. So that, now the season for planning your vacation is here, it is perhaps as well that foreign exchange rates are not too good for us—if it makes us decide to see Britain first.

Most of us, as a matter of fact, are far too hide-bound for this article to be of any use. Out-of-the-rut holidays are not for the great majority. Otherwise hotelkeepers would go out of business. But if you are young enough, either in years or spirit, and if you are poor enough—pity the prosperous, whose holidays are set in a groove from which they cannot escape—your holiday can be a thing of joy entirely free from routine.

What about a fortnight on a Thames barge? One of the brown-sailed barges which you see slowly pushing down the river on their way to the sea? It can easily be arranged. The accommodation is terrible, conditions are dirty—but you'll appreciate food as never before; you'll enjoy helping the crew of two with the sails and with the anchor gear. You'll come back feeling that maybe there is something in civilisation, after all. For the first time in years you'll know what real health is like. I've done it, and I know.

Or would you care to take a train to North

Wales? Leave the car behind, book to Rhyl and walk southwards along the coastline, putting up at nights at small wayside hotels which are cheap, comfortable and clean. Avoid the big hotels for once and mix with the Welsh people, who are much more charming in their own country than they are outside. You'll see scenery which will make you catch your breath with a sob. You'll be dog-tired every night, but you'll enjoy it.

Or there is that little-known county, Westmorland. Be an explorer and try to find your way round that county. Keep away from the Lake District proper—unless you have not been that way before—and go to investigate Haweswater before the thirsty desire of Manchester for water buries the village there beneath millions of gallons of it.

Do you like islands? Almost uninhabited islands? Try Lundy Island, Flatholme, Sark, any of the islands near Bosham, Herm or Brecqhou. A few days spent in exploring thoroughly any of these small islands is time well spent and is healthier than spending days in the hotel atmosphere of the larger islands.

Best of all, to my mind, is to form a party of half a dozen or so, and to hire a motor cruiser—not necessarily on the Broads, although this is exceedingly pleasant. But at Bosham or Poole or Burnham you can hire a cruiser and either run it yourself or take a man on board to help. A fortnight spent in plugging along the coast, swimming in deep waters, navigating your way through channels and estuaries—this is, to my mind, the best of all.

Water Babies

By Dan Russell

THE hush of evening descended upon the water-meadows. The agitated twittering of small birds grew louder as they sought their rest in tree and hedgerow; then gradually the chirping ceased and the quiet deepened. A late returning heron sprawled across the sky on his long, pointed wings. The barn-owl awakened from his day-long sleep and preened himself before setting forth on his nightly search for food. Scarves of mist, blue and evanescent as tobacco smoke, writhed between the pollard willows on the river bank.

Suddenly a thin, musical whistle broke the evening quiet; a moment later the fierce, flattened head of a dog-otter appeared above the surface of the water and gazed about with wary eyes. Then, satisfied that no danger threatened, the otter swam across to a tiny island in the centre of the river. He moved without a sound, scarcely disturbing the surface of the placid water.

He reached the little island and emerged, wet and glistening, the water dripping from the fur of his stomach. A hollow elm, uprooted by a winter gale, lay across the island, its branches in the water; where its roots had gripped the ground was a cavern of darkness. The otter moved across to the tree and whistled again.

Something stirred within the hollow of the tree, and then from within the tangled roots crawled the otter's mate.

The Mother

As she came out the dog otter uttered little mewling cries of welcome and made to lick her face; but she snarled and repulsed him. For she was heavy with young and her time was nearly come. For some moments the dog otter frisked around her as if pleading with her to come and hunt; but she remained within the roots of the holt. Then suddenly the dog turned and slid into the water.

Within five minutes he was back, bearing in his mouth a large trout. He laid it before his mate and backed away. She ate greedily, crunching the bones between her sharp teeth. Then she turned back into the smelly darkness of the hollow tree.

The dog turned back to the water and went upon his search for fish, but never did he go far from the island and the fallen elm. All night his thin, hard whistle broke the river silence. And from the tree also came sounds, sighs and groans as of an animal in pain; and before the dawn came another sound, the plaintive mewling of cubs new-born.

The morning sunlight filtered in through the crevices of the hollow tree, but the bitch-otter and her cubs lay far back in the darkness. Throughout the day the bitch lay still and nursed her cubs, but when the evening came and she heard the whistle

of her mate she left them while she hunted for fish. When she was gone the cubs mewed and struggled feebly, but within an hour she was back again and they snuggled against the warmth of her belly. Two of the cubs were female; the third and first-born was a dog, larger than his sisters.

For eleven days they were blind; but on the twelfth day their eyelids ungummed disclosing eyes of a pale, watery blue like those of kittens.

With the opening of their eyes the cubs seemed to gain in vigour; they moved more freely about the holt, sprawling over each other in the semi-darkness when their mother was away.

The dog cub grew more rapidly than his sisters, for he was stronger and got more than his share of food.

For four weeks the bitch-otter fed them, then one evening she entered the holt with a fish. The dog cub sniffed at it and began slowly to lick and chew the tender flesh. His sisters joined him, and soon all three were feeding.

Hunters in the Making

The change of diet brought a difference to the cubs. They grew fiercer and more quarrelsome and the wary look of the otter came into their eyes.

Now they ventured out and clambered on to the trunk of the hollow tree, gazing fearfully at the river which flowed beneath. They made no attempt to swim, for the otters are not natural water folk but land-mammals which have taken to the water.

Every night their mother brought fish to her cubs and they ate hugely, hissing and snarling over the fragments. Frogs, too, she brought, first crippling them with a bite behind the head. The cubs played with the frogs before killing and eating. Thus they learned the rudiments of hunting.

One night when the cubs were six weeks old they clambered out on to the tree trunk. They watched the bubbles of the river which floated beneath them. They mewed and called in subdued voices for they were hungry; their mother had been gone a long time.

Suddenly they heard her fluting whistle and ran to the edge of the water. But she was not there. Then they saw her some ten feet away, standing in the shallows by the other bank, and at her feet was a fresh-caught fish. Again she whistled, calling them over to her, but they were afraid.

The dog-cub was very hungry. The sight of the fish almost conquered his fear of the water. He ventured in up to his belly and called his mother to come to him. In his eagerness he took a step forward and instantly he was under water. The water rushed up his nose and choked him.

Then, somehow, he was on the surface again, coughing and spluttering. Instinctively he tried to walk. His tiny legs swung rhythmically to and fro, and lo! he was moving on the surface of the

waters. He was badly frightened and rapidly tiring but he moved doggedly on. Turn he could not, but soon he landed panting in the shallows by his mother who fussed over him.

He was rewarded for his daring by having a whole fish to himself while his hungry sisters called plaintively from the island.

When he had eaten, his mother nosed him into the shallows and then swam across to the island.

The cub hesitated for a moment, then he followed her.

When he arrived his sisters were sharing a second fish which their mother had caught, but the dog cub did not wait; he went straight into the holt and curled himself to sleep. He was very tired and when his sisters came in he did not wake. For he had that evening learned his first lesson in the conquest of the river.

BRITISH LEGION

Haig House and Pensions

By a Special Correspondent

HAIG House has taken the most astounding action to explain its failure to use the political weapons authorised by its Charter to fight pension and other injustices to which ex-Service men are subject.

It is actually devoting many pages of its official Journal to the reproduction of a book the general thesis of which is that ex-Service men have not only secured justice but in some cases in full measure or running over. In particular, the British Ministry of Pensions is singled out as an ideal institution and as a model of sympathetic administration. As the book states, the information was furnished by that Department; this is not surprising, nor is the inference that the ex-Service man in this country has no cause for complaint of any kind!

This volume also contains a virulent attack on the American Legion because it has used political weapons to obtain what it considered justice for its members. One whole paragraph is devoted to explaining how the American officer was hated by the rank and file! Imagine the indignation which we should rightly feel if the Journal of the American Legion gave publicity to such a statement about our war-time Army! The chapter containing this is headed by an editorial endorsement. Truly an illuminating instance of how the Legion cultivates friendly relations with ex-Service men of other countries!

Mr. G. L. Semple Fisher, a member of the American Legion (Post 137), in a letter protesting wrote:

I believe the American Legion to be an organisation that has the country's good at heart. . . . If the British Legion had been half as active in the interests of country or ex-Service men, would you have lost Egypt, South Ireland and probably India? Would you see, as I so often have done, British ex-soldiers sitting on the pavements waiting for some benevolent person to throw them a penny?

My candid opinion of the motive behind this publicity is that it is a piece of psychological propaganda. Do some interests fear that at last British ex-Service men are going to wake up and use their collective strength . . . instead of remaining servile, lethargic and a prey to party politicians and office seekers?

Is it necessary to add that his letter was *not* published? I quote from a copy sent to a friend of mine.

In view of the growing feeling against the bureaucracy of the Pensions Ministry and the

lengthening list of tragic injustices to badly disabled men, the action of Haig House in trying to gloss over rather than expose such scandals is amazing and would be incredible did we not know the influences at work behind the scenes. It is indeed a final and conclusive demonstration that the Legion is dominated by politicians and that under its present caucus is more concerned with whitewashing its own and the Ministry's failings than with obtaining justice for ex-Service men.

Let us then see what people who have first-hand experience of dealing with the Ministry of Pensions say of it. The late Sir Frederick Milner, who ruined his health in fighting the cause of the disabled, wrote:

I doubt if the general public has any conception of the misery existing among so many of those who saved our homes and our country. I assert that the conditions under which numbers of these disabled men live is a disgrace to a great Christian country.

Quoting a typical case, he told of a man who had three ribs and a lung blown away and who had to be fed through a hole in his fast-locked teeth, and added, "they think 12s. 6d. a week is ample pension."

Dr. Wansey Bayley, M.C., who was for a time a member of a Medical Board, from personal knowledge frames a scathing indictment in his book, "Triple Challenge":

"It would be easy to fill a volume with reports of miscarriage of justice, mean cheese-paring and of tyrannous tribunals." After quoting from tragically typical cases, he concludes: "History will look upon the scandal in connection with many refusals or awards of war pensions as a stain on our national honour."

Finally, the Chairman of the Legion himself stated at the last Conference that there was a waiting list at Haig House of over 2,000 pension cases.

In face of such damning evidence, why do the Legion Lords permit their Journal each month to devote columns to whitewashing the Department responsible for such outrageous scandals? Why is it that the Journal is not wholly devoted to advocating the reforms which members have demanded and to exposing the details of the tragic cases with which their files are crammed?

The answer is because the Ministry of Pensions would not tolerate it.

INDIA SERVICES NAIL

Ever since Ramsay MacDonald first took a hand in framing a new constitution for India the whole business has been one of a long series of trickery and deception. Mr. Baldwin and Sir Samuel Hoare have been content to play the game of the arch-conspirator. They have done what he has told them to do: they have deceived and betrayed their own Party, they have thrown dust in the eyes of Parliament, the British public and the Indian Princes. Statements they have made on India have contained flagrant falsehoods. Not the least has been the frequent assertion that their India Bill has received the enthusiastic support of Englishmen now serving in India. That lie has now been exposed by the representations the Indian Police and Bengal Civil Service Associations have felt it necessary to address to the Secretary of State for India. Ramsay MacDonald and his henchmen have been found out as the perverters of the Truth they are.

MR. BALDWIN said at the Albert Hall on May 12th, 1933: "Nearly all the opinion which is antagonistic to the Government's proposals is the opinion of admirable men, but men who have for some time finished their service in India, whereas among men on the spot, men who are governing India to-day and will have to work this scheme, there is but one voice, and that is that on the whole the proposals in the White Paper are the best."

Afterwards a friend, who like myself had served in the Indian Civil Service for the full permissible period and who, like myself, had only recently retired, wrote me a letter in which he said, among other things: "Assuming for the sake of argument that Mr. Baldwin's statement is receivable as legitimate evidence in support of his case, the next

By Sir LOUIS STUART, C.I.E.
(India Civil Service, 1891-1930)

question is: What is it worth? What means have the Members of Parliament and the public at large got of testing its value? None at all. They are simply asked to accept it on the strength of a vague assurance that inquiries have been made.

"What inquiries? Mr. Baldwin should be called upon to explain how the opinion of the Service has been elicited. Were the members of the Service invited to express their views? If they were, what assurances were given to them, in order to encourage a free and full statement of what they think of the proposals?"

I know the real views of some forty to fifty members of the Indian Services—Indian civilians, Police officers, medical men, engineers and others—who are still working in India or who have recently retired, as to these reforms. I do not believe that many people have more direct information than that, and I am convinced that neither Mr. Baldwin nor Sir Samuel Hoare has as much.

Those who have discussed the subject with me are not unanimous. All are apprehensive as to the future. The minority think that somehow, if these proposals go through, we shall weather the storm, but there are very few indeed who, at the most, do more than faintly trust the larger hope. I do not propose to follow Mr. Baldwin into confident generalities, but—I was not in the least surprised by the revelations which appeared in the *Morning Post* on April 5th.

These are the revelations: The committee of the Association of Indian Civil Servants of the major Province of Bengal prepared, as soon as the Report of the Joint Select Committee appeared, a memorandum on its recommendations, in which they condemned the scheme from its foundations upwards. They thought it unworkable and mischievous. If accepted, not only would it not make for good government, it would make for misgovernment and for insecurity. They considered that the safeguards proposed resembled "the green spectacles which the coster puts on to his donkey to make him think the wood shavings are lettuce."

The Lie

"The overwhelming balance of opinion in the Civil Service in India to-day is in favour of these reforms."

—Mr. Baldwin, April 29, 1933.

The Truth

"It is probably our duty as Civil Servants to represent these things (the defects of the Joint Select Committee Report), especially as we are the only experts and therefore have not been consulted, but rather gagged—a result of which was that Mr. Baldwin in a public speech claimed that, as we had expressed no dissent, we must agree on the whole scheme.

"In point of fact we are admittedly not allowed to express any opinions. An honest authority would have removed the ban in a matter of this Imperial importance.

"Indiscretions in favour of the White Paper have been committed, and this breach of the rules of our service has not been without its improvement in the professional position of the tactful officers."

[Note prepared on behalf of the Bengal Civil Service Association. Reprinted from the "Morning Post."]

A Visit to Mr. Eden

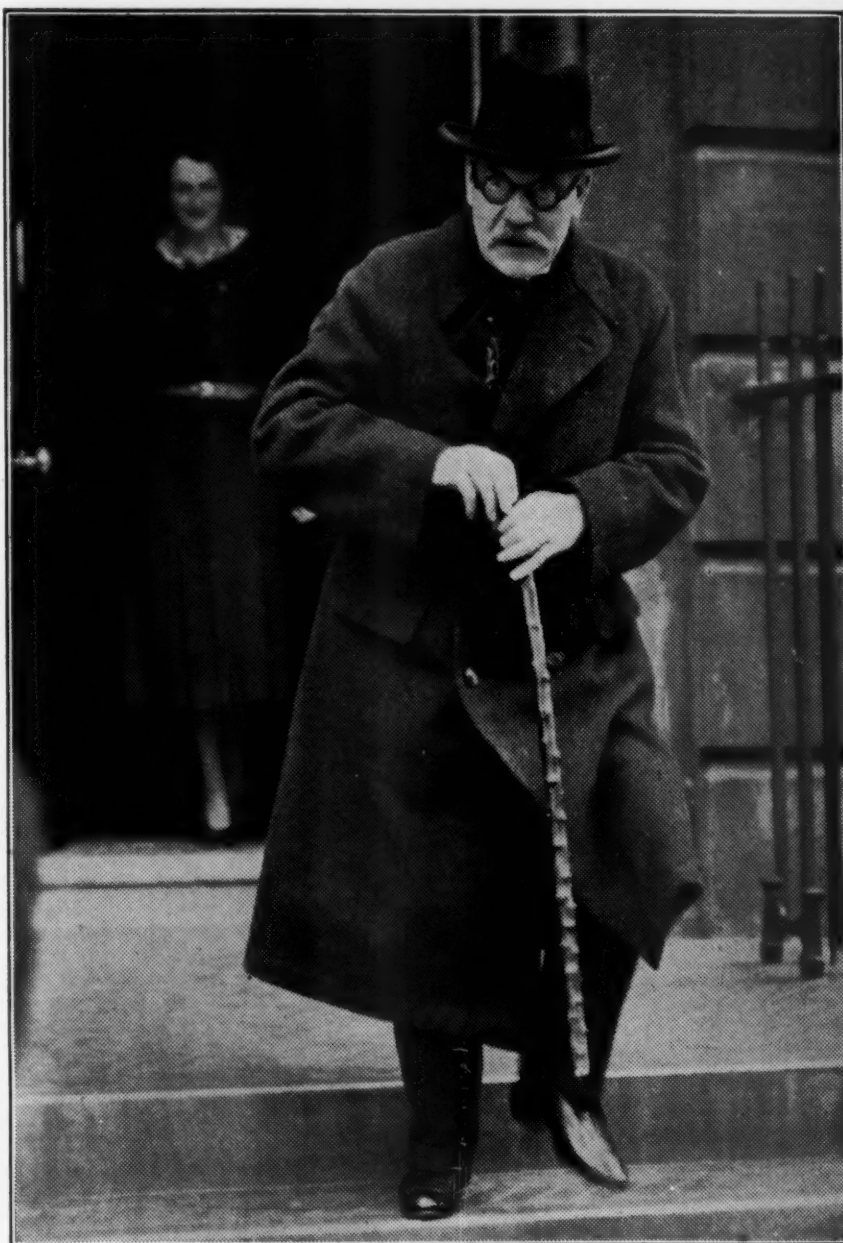
LIE

As to the future of Indian Civil Servants, in the past they had administered practically alone; in the present they administer in the majority of important matters, and as to the remainder exercise influence by advice and suggestion; in the future they are to be, in the main, as the memorandum says, "a breakdown gang by means of which the Governor could discharge his special responsibilities." Apprehensive that the scheme will go through, and more strongly apprehensive that, if it goes through, their incomes, their pensions and their very lives will be unprotected, the officers who formed this committee formulated demands for special and additional safeguards for their protection.

It would be difficult to compose anything more condemnatory of the scheme than is this memorandum. And it is to be remembered that the conclusions apply not only to the Indian Civil Service, but to the Indian Police, the Medical Services, the Engineers and all the other Services. They apply equally to the majority of the Indians in those Services, as well as to the minority of Europeans.

Sir Samuel Hoare did not, in last Friday's debate, deny the authenticity of this document.

While deprecating its publication, he admitted that the report was correct as to the contents. He was at pains to explain that the memorandum had not been submitted officially to him. He stressed the fact that the only communication which he had received officially from the members of the Indian Civil Service in Bengal was a memorial, a copy of which he had placed in the Library. He refused to consider the memorandum, on the grounds that in his opinion it expressed the views of only a few individuals and did not represent the views of the Service. Sir Samuel Hoare did not touch on the fact that the safeguards proposed in the memorial, which he had received, are the identical safeguards which are proposed in the memorandum which he considers irresponsible.



FOUND OUT

This would appear to show that the memorandum was circulated to the vast majority of Indian Civil Service officers in Bengal who form this Association and was accepted by them. They clearly accepted the recommendations for safeguards contained in it. Apart from that, there is reason to believe that it was so accepted. Further, the members of the executive committee of the Association who drafted the memorandum can hardly be considered irresponsible persons. It is a justifiable conclusion that the memorandum represents the views of the vast majority of the members of the Indian Civil Service in Bengal, and it may be hazarded without rashness that it represents the views of the vast majority of the Indian Civil Service in India.

The Sahib Goes Shooting

By "Fish-hawk"

THE river which during the summer months, fed by the snows of the distant Himalayas, stretched a mile from bank to bank was now but a series of streams amid long low sandbanks.

Down one such stream drifted an ancient boat, square-ended like a punt, its stern adorned with a crude awning of old flour sacks, while the bow was roughly decked. On this fore deck sat the shikari, Mowgloo by name, a typical young Punjabi, with bobbed hair, hook nose and keen dark eyes. His hand was raised, guarding his eyes from the glare, as he gazed far ahead searching the banks for game.

The quarry was crocodile, not the blunt-headed villain of the picture books, but the long-snouted gharial or fish-eater, from whose hide can be made so many leather articles.

In the stern sat the Sahib. He too was young—not yet twenty—but already an old hand at croc. shooting; his dress was strictly utilitarian, being a grey flannel shirt, khaki shorts, stockings, and rope-soled shoes, the whole topped off by an ancient solar topi. At his side reclined the rifle—a slender .280 Ross, which had already accounted for fifty crocodile, and was destined to add many more to the score. The oarsmen were two in number, dilapidated scarecrows from a nearby village, who acted as towing horses when going upstream.

A Chance at Last

Suddenly Mowgloo flung an order over his naked brown shoulder, and the boat swiftly came to rest against the bank, while the Sahib's binoculars became glued to a distant sandbank on which a faint dark streak could be discerned.

"Bahut barra muggar, Sahib." Mowgloo's voice was charged with suppressed excitement. So far the Sahib's luck had been awry, for, though quantity was not lacking, nothing over thirteen feet had yet been shot. Here, at last, was a chance of something big, perhaps even a really old male, with the curiously enlarged nostrils.

The sun was high in the heavens, so it was unlikely that the quarry would move for an hour or more; some ten minutes, therefore, were spent in examining the terrain and deciding on the line of advance. Mowgloo now possessed himself of the glasses, while the Sahib loaded his rifle and slipped an extra clip of cartridges into his pocket against possible emergencies.

Striking inland, the cover of the tamarisk scrub atop the main bank was reached, and the advance was rapid until a spot estimated to be opposite the muggar was reached; then down on all-fours and a short crawl to the edge of the scrub, and another pause to decide on the final line of attack.

At last the final position was reached, and the Sahib called a halt to recover his breath, as nothing must be left to chance. Slowly Mowgloo

raised his head to make sure that the game was still in position, a beaming smile indicated that all was as it should be, and together the figures wormed their way up the last yard of the crest.

The crocodile was lying broadside on, and thus exposed the only spot in his body where death could be caused instantly: his short neck. A moment's rest, and slowly the rifle came up, and the sights were aligned half-way between foreleg and jaw. Bang! The quiet was shattered by the whip-like report. Nothing was quiet now; the muggar roared and thrashed his tail, but the tiny high-velocity bullet had smashed the spino and nerve centres, and he was semi-paralysed. Three more shots in twice as many seconds found the billet, and the matter was put definitely beyond doubt.

The boat arrived, and the elated shikaris were ferried across. Mowgloo produced a tape measure and, having measured the croc., sat back grinning with delight. Eighteen feet between perpendiculars, truly a magnificent specimen, and a really old male, too.

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OPPOSITE THE LAW COURTS

RACING

National Hunt and Northolt

By David Learmonth

I AWOKED on Sunday morning determined to write on two matters about which I feel strongly, only to find that Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey had written about one of them in the *Sunday Express*. It so happens, however, that the other subject, upon which he did not write, is one which also interests him deeply, though his views on it may not be the same as my own.

Nevertheless, Mr. Gilbey's remarks refer to so important a matter that I feel justified in adding something of my own. The subject at issue is: should a horse be disqualified altogether when it has interfered with the chances of only one horse?

In France and several other countries a horse may either be disqualified, in which case, as in England, it is placed last, or it may be "distanced." This is done when the stewards consider that the breach of rules was not deliberate and that only a limited number of competing horses were affected by the incident. In this case the offending horse is placed after those with whose chances it has interfered.

The difference to backers can be enormous. For example, supposing a horse which wins interferes with that which is second, as happened at Doncaster last week when Probus II interfered with Red Hot Poker at a time when both horses were lengths clear of the rest of the field, then the animal which passed the post first would be placed second. If it interfered with the horses which finished first and second respectively it would be placed third.

Fair Play for Backers

Such a course seems far more logical than disqualifying an animal altogether merely because it has, probably through tiredness, leaned up against another. It is undoubtedly fairer to backers, who are entitled to draw what their selection's real merits entitle them to, instead of being deprived of their place money by an arbitrary rule.

I can think of many cases where the net result of betting transactions would have been enormously altered had this rule been in force. Take Craganour's Derby, for instance. There was a wealth of public money on Mr. Bower Ismay's colt and no one suggested that he interfered with any other animal than the winner, Aboyeur. The result was practically a "skinner" for the books, as the hundred to one Aboyeur was quite unfancied.

It is certainly time that both the Jockey Club and National Hunt Committee gave serious consideration to the much more logical French rule, which has worked out very well for a number of years.

My other complaint is against the National Hunt Committee. When granting a permit to amateurs to ride under their rules this year they have caused a printed slip to be affixed saying that the permit is conditional upon the holder riding only under Jockey Club or National Hunt rules. This, on

the face of it, is perfectly clear, so long as one assumes that it means exactly what it says. It means that an amateur holding a permit cannot ride under the rules of the Société des Steeplechases de France, the Irish National Hunt Committee, the Maryland Hunt Committee, or under the rules of any foreign body officially recognised as controlling the sport. It means, also, that no amateur who wishes to ride under National Hunt rules can ride at Northolt Park.

This announcement, as I have said, was stuck on to the permits and came as a sort of bolt from the blue. No announcement had been made in the *Racing Calendar*.

Pony Racing Ban

As, last year, amateur riders had been permitted by the National Hunt Committee to ride at Northolt Park, I obtained a ruling on the whole question from Messrs. Weatherby's. The reply was that the printed slip did not affect an amateur riding abroad under the recognised rules of that country, in spite of the fact that the words could mean nothing else, but that it did preclude him from riding under Pony Turf Club rules.

I have always had confidence in the National Hunt stewards as fair-minded men who have the best interests of the sport at heart and I assume, therefore, that they had good reason for their action. I must say, however, that I am sorry it has been taken. I have never ridden under Pony Turf Club rules; but, from what I have seen of the sport, it has been extremely well conducted and should provide good practice for young jockeys, both amateur and professional, as well as an outlet for undersized horses. I hope one day to see both the Jockey Club and National Hunt Committee working in complete harmony with this body and allowing trainers and jockeys who hold licences under their rules to train and ride under Pony Turf Club rules. They already have reciprocal arrangements regarding the warning off of offenders.

But I must severely criticise the method by which the National Hunt Committee have enforced their latest decision. It appears to have been done in a hole-and-corner fashion and the officials of Northolt seemed entirely in the dark about the whole matter when I asked one of them about it.

This makes one wonder what will be the position of an amateur who has not ridden ten winners under National Hunt rules and so need not apply for a permit. He may unknowingly find himself breaking a rule by riding at Northolt or Portsmouth Park.

Such riders are unlikely to know of the change that has taken place in the National Hunt Committee's attitude, since no announcement has been made in the *Racing Calendar*. In fairness to everyone an announcement should be made at once.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Public Must Be Educated

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

May a stranger who is one of the old Diehards, 'draw your Ladyship's attention to a fact that was very clearly shown up during the West Norwood by-election, the great ignorance of many of the electors about the Indian question.

It is to be feared that this is typical of most places.

Would it not be possible to get capable men who know India well to take up this work and in this way prepare and educate the public by lectures, etc., for the time when a General Election comes — and also to open the eyes of the people to other important Imperial subjects (the Navy) on which a lead is required.

Many felt very grateful to Sir Norman Kemp for his informative speeches when speaking in support of Mr. Findlay.

All must stand together for King, Country and Empire if England is to get back the position she once held and would hold again if her people were instructed on the vital issues touching her Empire.

So generous and widely extended have been the aims and efforts of your Ladyship to help our dear country that it seemed right to lay before you the importance and urgency of this matter.

If our people do not know the truth, we as a nation shall be lost.

I. COLTHURST.

49, Chestnut Road, W. Norwood.

The Moral of Norwood

DEAR MADAM,—

I like the fearless way in which you state the truth, and shall continue to read the *Saturday Review*.

The Norwood result was disappointing, but I can give you the reason for it, and a valuable lesson can be deduced therefrom. Generally speaking it is unlikely that a candidate, standing in opposition to the powers that be, will be successful if his age is much less than the average age of the electorate. Naturally, this is more especially the case when few, if any, men of mature experience publicly support his policy.

Had Mr. Winston Churchill personally addressed meetings on his behalf in the earlier stages of the campaign, the result might have been quite different.

The Norwood event itself is, however, merely of secondary importance. The salient question is "What next?" Political writers appear to think that with the abandonment, or passing, of the India Bill, all will be plain sailing and Conservatives will vote "Conservative" again.

To me, and there must be many of like mind, it is, however, a thing unthinkable ever again to cast a vote for a party, in which any member of the present Government retains influence.

More, it would require a very thorough purge of the present party officials to satisfy me that there need be no fear of further treachery. There is, apparently, no hope of these conditions being fulfilled, and my vote will have to go to Mosley at the next election. I should prefer the Independents (Sir Ernest Benn) on the ground of economic soundness, but it is doubtful whether they will contest my division.

Is there no chance of a new party? The Press Lords had a great opportunity some little time back, but, doubtless trembling for their circulation, they allowed it to pass. Wouldn't you care to tackle the job of forming one?

The main qualifications for success—clear-cut thinking, firm convictions and courage—are eminently yours, and support would be forthcoming in larger measure than you anticipate. It is a tremendous task, I know, but

Jeanne d'Arc carried a similar one to a triumphant conclusion, and the need of the Empire now is not less than that of France of her day!

With all good wishes for the continued success of the *Saturday Review*. THOS. J. GARA.

88, North Side, Clapham Common.

Why Not Broadcast It?

SIR,—Lady Houston's powerful awakening Call on pages 356—357 of your issue of March 23 must not be allowed to rest in obscurity and to be read only by those who are privileged to read the *Saturday Review*.

It must be broadcast by some means or the other!

In my opinion this is one of the most telling statements that have ever been made on this subject and could not have appeared at a more appropriate juncture.

DAVID SHUBART.

Polzeath, Wadebridge, Cornwall.

The Paper For Me

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Forgive an utter stranger bothering you but I take your *Saturday Review* regularly, and do so sincerely admire you, and agree with every word you write.

I can never forget your noble offer to help our Air Force, and the scandalous treatment you received.

I think you may just like to know that another woman's heart beats in unison with yours.

Last week a letter in the *Review* was from a man who had served so splendidly in the war and had received lots of orders from H.M. our King, and was now workless, and asked if, in case of war, he should fight again. This struck me to the heart. Can anything be done to help?

Naturally one thinks of the British Legion! I know now none of my money will again buy poppies!

After careful reading I always post the *Review* to a friend—not always the same friend. It is far too good propaganda to waste!

"B.M.G." say I.

45, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7. (Mrs.) ROY FOSTER.

P.S.—I think your charming portrait this week incited me to write.

Keep The Flag Flying

SIR,—As a Conservative, that is, a patriot, I thank you for your splendid efforts to maintain the dignity and the security of our beloved country.

There is only one political Party that can secure England from danger from foreign foes and invidious internal enemies; and that is the Conservative Party.

As a Conservative, I was deeply offended, when, after our overwhelming victory at the polls, a so-called "National" Government was formed, and the head of it taken by a member of the so-called Socialist Party.

It was a difficult time, I know, and I admit that the National Government has done a few good things. But they have done a most dangerous and unforgivable thing in so lowering the strength of the Navy and Army, that, in the case of war, we are defenceless, and in the cause of peace, powerless.

In all matters, there are only two ways of action—the Right and the Wrong. The Conservative Party is right, because it acts for the good of the whole Nation; the Socialist Party is wrong, for it would act for the (alleged) benefit of only a part of the people.

Let the next Election be fought between Right and Wrong (or "Right" and "Left"); between National Conservatives and International Socialists.

Let us have a "straight fight," and let a Conservative be the head of a Conservative Government.

E. W. RICHARDSON.

6, OLD GLOUCESTER STREET, W.C.1.

CORRESPONDENCE

No Safeguards for Indian Pensioners

SIR,—With reference to the proposed Reforms for India, the following are two good reasons for the British Government to guarantee the payment of these pensions :—

1. Britain, being the supreme Government of India, is *de jure* the employer of all these servants, whether recruited in London or in India, and so, in accordance with Common Law, is liable for the payment to them of all dues, including pension, which is deferred pay, has been earned, and therefore must be paid.

2. Britain is now arranging for the transfer of the government of India to the Indians, and, consequently, before the transfer takes place, it is her bounden duty to make proper provision for the payment of these pensions.

The Safeguards in the India Bill are not sufficient protection against the non-payment of these pensions by the new Indian Government. It is well known that Safeguards, from past experience, are not worth the paper on which they have been written.

The pensioners want a definite guarantee on the part of the British Government in the United Kingdom for the payment of these pensions in the event of the new Indian Government defaulting in payment during Federation, Dominion Status or Secession.

If the proposed India Bill, as it stands, comes into law, the pensions will cease for one or more of several reasons. I shall mention only the following three :—

(a) The proposed Government is a most expensive form of government, and so India will very soon become financially bankrupt.

(b) The Indians have already shown that they are quite unfit to govern and administer in the small areas of municipalities and in the districts. Hence it is absolutely absurd to expect them to govern and administer the larger areas of the Provinces and of the whole of India. To expect this is to court failure leading to bankruptcy.

(c) The Congress is the strongest political party in India, and has publicly declared that if it gets into power it will repudiate all British financial liabilities.

The Secretary of State and the British Government know all about these above statements, but they still decline to guarantee the payment of the pensions. Why?

Sir S. Hoare, in the House of Commons on the 28th March, 1935, when asked by several members if machinery could be established to arrange for the payment of pensions in the event of default, stated that he was not prepared to contemplate default. To suggest a possibility of default was bad policy from our point of view and from the Indian point of view!

Why did he not refer to the pensioners' point of view? Is it possible that he intends to betray these pensioners, of whom there are many thousands of Europeans, domiciled Europeans, Anglo-Indians and Indians, of all ranks, religions, castes, etc.?

Some of them are entitled to wound and disability pensions, and others are women who have been granted pensions for the loss of their respective bread-winners.

Betrayal of these pensioners would be a disgrace to the British Government and nation. It is surely time that the British public realised this and took the necessary action to prevent the possibility of such things happening.

PATRIOT.

Wales' National Emblem

SIR,—Is the daffodil or the leek the national emblem of Wales?

The cigarette makers who are giving away silk-woven flowers instead of cigarette cards plump for the daffodil and they give four other names for it—the Lent Lily, Chalice Flower, Daffodown Dillie and Daffyllie.

It would be interesting to know its favourite name among Welshmen.

HENRY RYLANDS.

University Union, Edinburgh.

The Ethics of War

SIR,—Writing with experience of war in South Africa and of the Great War, and therefore fully aware of all its horrors on the one side and the amazing heroism and sacrifice it produces on the other, I cannot imagine any logical brain refusing to accept it as one of the ills to which man is unfortunately heir or refusing to prepare for its incidence when it threatens, for the entire history of the world bears out the irrefutable fact that the survival of the fittest is Nature's only law and that often the cause of justice and freedom as we see it must be fought for.

The cutting down of our own defences has created infinite unemployment, has allowed a vast body of youth to run to seed through no fault of its own, and turned a nation once virile into a bemused and wondering community passing its time largely in dance halls and cinemas and wondering what life is for; the better element of such youth—and I use the word "better" in all seriousness—are literally driven to crime by this stagnation and suppression of their natural virility out of sheer boredom.

What good is a Church that fears boldly to say that war for right, or what we believe is right, may be necessary?

What good are our political leaders who hoard credit and sacrifice the manhood of the nation by withholding work, canter about Europe seeking bubble personal reputations for diplomatic acumen and selling our security in the process?

The curse of Ramsay MacDonald's pacifism of the 1917 brand has penetrated into the very vitals of the nation. Our military instincts have been suppressed. It is a crime to sing "Rule, Britannia," and even "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" has become suspect.

If ever this country stood in need of a crusade in favour of Christianity and not self-interest, it is now. England's prayer should be for a Leader, selfless in ambition, martial in defence of right, who will not stoop as a sycophant of the people to his own gain, but will lead them to sanity of mind and clean thinking by his example. Such a man must be a born fighter for the right and a great Christian. Is there such a one, or how long must we wait for him to emerge?

15, Pond Place, Chelsea.

T. P. CHRISTIE.

Relief for the Income Tax Payers

FROM THE RT. HON. THE LORD DECIES.

SIR,—For his surplus of seven and a half million pounds for the financial year (nearly seven million pounds above his estimate) the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to thank the income-tax payer more than any other class of contributor to the Revenue.

Surely, then, income-tax payers have the right to expect that in his coming Budget, Mr. Chamberlain will make some substantial recognition of their efforts, either by a further cut of the very high standard rate or some relief in other ways to small taxpayers.

He could do the latter by reducing the rate of tax on the first £175 of taxable income. If he lowered it from 2s. 3d. to 1s. 6d. for instance, every taxpayer would benefit. While this would give no more than £6 11s. 3d. to the biggest taxpayer, it would be a greater concession to every small taxpayer than a cut of 6d. in the standard rate.

At the same time the actual number affected would not be reduced, which, if there must be income-tax, is all to the good. The more people who have to contribute the more interest will be taken in national expenditure and, what is far more important, in national economy.

The reduction of 6d. last year has been amply justified by the trade revival. Mr. Chamberlain would do well to take another bold step on the 15th April.

(Director, Income-Tax Payers' Society).

Abbey House, 2, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

MOTORING**TRANSMISSION
DEVELOPMENTS****By Sefton Cummings**

FROM time to time experiments have been made with front wheel drive but for some reason or other they have never reached the mass production stage or, indeed, that stage which could be described as in general use.

There are, of course, many advantages that front wheel drive has to offer, a notable one being the conservation of power due to the proximity of engine to wheels. This, of course, applies also to cars with rear wheel drive which have their engines situated at the back.

It seems to be accepted to-day that of the two methods of eliminating wastage, the front wheel drive is likely to become pre-eminent in the future. In the past various technical difficulties such as steering had to be overcome; but such pioneers as the Alvis Company have done so much spade work in this direction that perfection must be very close at hand to-day, if it has not already arrived.

B.S.A. Development

The latest front wheel drive car to appear on the market is a four cylinder nine horse-power B.S.A. This is a development from the three-wheeler model which has been a ready seller for the last five years and it is claimed that on account of its front wheel drive and low centre of gravity, it can take corners at a speed which would be impossible in a normal design.

Independent front wheel springing is provided by means of eight quarter elliptic springs—four to each wheel; a speed of close on seventy miles per hour is attainable, petrol consumption is between thirty-five and forty miles to the gallon, and the price is under £150.

* * *

No Concession

Some confusion has been caused recently by an announcement in the Press that the police have been instructed to allow a five mile an hour margin to drivers in built-up areas; this has been disclaimed in some newspapers and not in others. Lest motorists should fall into the error that they are now authorised to drive in restricted areas at thirty-five miles an hour, let me warn them at once that they are permitted to do nothing of the sort.

What has actually occurred is that a practice of the police which has always existed is being continued. This is to allow a reasonable margin before taking anyone up for exceeding the speed limit, to provide against any possibility of error. It does not mean that any concession has been made to motorists and the driver who relies on these newspapers reports and travels deliberately at thirty-five miles an hour in built-up areas will be asking for trouble.

CINEMA**MICKEY MOUSE IN COLOUR****By Mark Forrest**

A CHANGE has taken place in the world of the cinema which will reverberate in the four corners of the globe—Mr. Walt Disney has abandoned his black and white cartoon in favour of technicolor. Mickey Mouse has put on a bright new uniform, the sleeves of which in *The Band Concert*, the first cartoon to be released under the new process, give him a great deal of trouble, and his hat sports a jaunty blue feather. Minnie has yet to make her appearance so I cannot give you any details of what colours are fashionable for feminine wear, but Donald Duck, as befits a sailor, has the traditional cap and collar in navy blue. The effect of Mickey's conducting of Weber's "Storm" and the dire things which happen to Donald Duck, who will insist on playing the horn-pipe, are intermingled to make the cartoon itself one of the best which Mr. Disney has made.

This film precedes *Sanders of the River* at the Leicester Square and so good was it that I was afraid that the main event might go the way of Golden Miller in the Grand National. As a matter of fact it did nothing of the kind though there were one or two things which were not in keeping with a production upon which the greatest care had obviously been lavished.

Tribal Wars

The scene is laid in Central Africa and the hero, whose exploits as British Resident will be well known to all those who regard the early work of the late Mr. Edgar Wallace as being far and away his best, is the redoubtable Sanders. Many cuts must, however, have been made before the final version was decided upon, because the action has been strictly confined to events in Africa where the tribal wars and Sanders's treatment of them hold the centre of the screen; but his marriage has been ruthlessly deleted and with it Joan Gardiner.

Major Wallace was employed as technical adviser and his expert knowledge of the natives and of Central Africa itself has enabled Mr. Zeltan Korda to produce the village life so faithfully that the picture, though it moves slowly at times, holds one's interest by reason of its obvious authenticity.

In consequence of this the American accent and sleek appearance of Nina Mae McKinney and the English lyrics which Paul Robeson is given to sing jar more than would have been the case had the production been more slipshod. These two and Leslie Banks, as the hero, bear the brunt of the plot and it is to be hoped that Paul Robeson, whose performance, as the chief of a friendly tribe, is the best piece of acting in the picture, will have further opportunities afforded to him on the screen.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

VICKI BAUM'S

"LAC AUX DAMES" (A)

(Martin's Summer)

with **SIMONE SIMON**

and Viennese Prize Film

"ZERBROCHENE KRUG" (U)

New Books I can Recommend

By the LITERARY CRITIC

THE Empire over which the unfortunate Hapsburg Maximilian and his Coburg Empress Charlotte (or Carlota as she was called in Mexico) ruled for three short years was largely an imaginary one, and consequently the title Mrs. Harding has chosen for her story of this extraordinary and most tragic Mexican adventure is singularly appropriate.

It was indeed a "phantom crown" for which Maximilian sacrificed his life and the sanity of his wife.

For sixty years after Maximilian had faced gallantly Juarez's firing-squad the ex-Empress Carlota lingered on, unable to realise how time had revenged the betrayal of her husband by "that grasping, unscrupulous Napoleon III," and incidentally had brought tottering to their fall the German, Austrian, Russian and Ottoman Empires. Her reason had long fled and in her Belgian castle she lay withdrawn from the world and by the world forgotten.

The Late Sir Charles Standford

Mr. Plunket Greene, in his biography of the late Sir Charles Standford, frankly admits that he is writing of him from the standpoint of an old and intimate friend.

"The writer of a Life," he says, "should, no doubt, be a chronicler of fact and a critic with unbiased mind. But I have neither the mind nor the heart to let this story limp through its course for the sake of the conventions."

He shows us Standford as a versatile, quick-witted Irishman,

"pugnacious as an Aberdeen, affectionate as a spaniel, quick to anger and quicker to repentance. One of the most brilliant technicians of his time, he was so un-mindful of his power that he never counted it as a virtue."

Courage, Humour and Candour

Mrs. Parsloe makes no pretence of being a stylist. In fact, the great merit of her book lies in the simple, straightforward telling of her story. There are no pretences anywhere.

She has plenty of humour and is quite ready to laugh at herself. And she writes of all her varied experiences with a most engaging candour—perhaps a little surprising in "a parson's daughter."

One other quality, with which she in no way credits herself, but which impresses itself on the reader of her lively narrative, is obviously the courage with which she has faced the many trials of her strenuous, constantly changing life.

War—Past and Future

According to the joint editors of the "Anthology of War," some twenty thousand books have been so far written about the Great War. But "the classic war book," they contend, has still to appear. Pending its arrival, they offer us over 150 extracts from the better-known war books that have been published.

Air-Commodore Charlton's book may be commended as a frank presentment of the air perils to be expected in any future war.

Literature and Art

Mr. Frank Swinnerton, as a distinguished novelist with exceptional literary gifts of his own and a wide acquaintance in the literary world of to-day, is admirably qualified for the task he has set himself—the presentment to us of "the Georgian Literary Scene," with all the varied personalities who play their part in it. Mr. Swinnerton in his criticisms throughout displays a broad-minded tolerance—even where one suspects he has his prejudices. And it is no puppet show he exhibits to us: the actors in the scene are very human and alive.

Mr. James Henry Duveen has some amazing stories to tell of genuine art deals and swindles, in which foreign Dukes and Royalties figure, not always to their credit.

History and Biography: "Phantom Crown" (the story of Maximilian and Carlota of Mexico), by Bertita Harding (Harrap, illustrated, 10s. 6d.); "Charles Villiers Stanford," by Harry Plunket Greene (Arnold, illustrated, 15s.); "The Letters of Napoleon to Marie Louise," with a commentary by Charles De La Roncière and an introduction by Philip Guedalla (Hutchinson, illustrated, 10s. 6d.).

Reminiscences: "A Parson's Daughter," by Muriel Jardine Parsloe (Faber, 10s. 6d.); "Collections and Recollections," by James Henry Duveen (Jarrolds, illustrated, 18s.).

Literary: "The Georgian Literary Scene," by Frank Swinnerton (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.).

War: "Anthology of Armageddon," edited by Bernard Newman and I. O. Evans (Denis Archer, 8s. 6d.); "War from the Air, Past, Present, Future," by Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton (Nelson, 6s.).

Travel: "The Blue Danube," by Bernard Newman (Jenkins, illustrated, 10s. 6d.); "In Quest of Sheba's Mines," by Frank E. Hayter (Stanley Paul, illustrated, 12s. 6d.).

General: "Turmoil and Tragedy in India," by Sir George MacMunn (Jarrolds, illustrated, 18s.); "Great Unsolved Crimes" (by a number of famous writers and detectives), with 72 illustrations (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.).

Novels: "Come and Get It," by Edna Ferber (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.); "Blandings Castle," by P. G. Wodehouse (Herbert Jenkins); "National Velvet," by Enid Bagnold (Heinemann, illustrated by the author's twelve-year-old daughter, Laurian Jones); "Fell Top," by Winifred E. Watson (Methuen); "Jason the Magnificent," by Maurice A. Hanline (Constable); "Bread for Beauty," by Elma Levinger (Jarrolds); "Vampire's Prey," by Hanns Heinz Ewers (Jarrolds); "Tea," by Arthur T. Rich (Skeffington); "All Our Dear Relations," by Ann Delamain (Constable); "The Wedding Gift," by G. M. Mason (Hutchinson).

Adventure, Mystery and Thrills

"7.30 Victoria," by Paul McGuire (Skeffington); "Death in the Stocks," by Georgette Heyer (Longmans); "Crime at Cobb's House," by Herbert Corey (Methuen); "Red Lilac," by Lord Gorell (John Murray); "Pins and Needles," by Edwin Greenwood (Skeffington); "Best Murder Stories" (short stories by a number of writers) (Faber & Faber); "The Priest's Hat," by Emilio de Marchi, translated by Frederick A. Y. Brown (Heath Cranton); "The Harem of Shayk Azan," by C. T. Stoneham (Hutchinson); "The Clue of the Green-eyed Girl," by Nigel Burnaby (Ward Lock & Co.); "The Dear Old Gentleman," by George Goodchild and Bechhofer Roberts (Jarrolds); "The Five Silver Buddhas," by Harry Stephen Keeler (Ward Lock & Co.).

(All novels 7s. 6d. except where otherwise stated)

ART IN THE SALEROOMS

BACK TO THE VICTORIANS

By James A. Kilpatrick

THE late Sir John Aird, whose art collection has been handed over to Christie's for sale, was an unrepentant Victorian. He filled his house with the kind of pictures he liked, and his taste was for the work of Alma-Tadema, E. J. Poynter, Marcus Stone, W. P. Frith, G. A. Storey, Luke Fildes, Briton Riviere, and the late President of the Royal Academy, Sir Frank Dicksee.

His collection takes us back to the days at Burlington House depicted in Frith's picture, "Private View, 1881," which has just been placed on loan at the Tate Gallery. There are more than twenty Academy pictures in Sir John Aird's extensive assembly of Victorian painters, and the most notable are the four works specially painted for him by Alma-Tadema.

Two of these are large canvases, "The Roses of Heliogabalus" and "The Finding of Moses," that aroused great public interest in their day. Alma-Tadema was always happiest when painting Roman and Eastern subjects with glorified groups of men and women amid masses of flowers, and backgrounds of blue skies and shining marble. In "The Roses of Heliogabalus" he pictures the jest of that foolish young Emperor who caused a canopy heavily laden with flowers to be suddenly overturned upon his guests, revealing young women struggling wildly to escape from their entanglement.

Pharaoh's Daughter

"The Finding of Moses," another big canvas, shows Pharaoh's daughter luxuriously reclining on a litter borne by attendants, and looking down on the infant in a cradle which two girls are carrying on their shoulders. Across the Nile in the background is a faint glimpse of the Pyramids, and the river bank crowded with figures.

Among the other pictures are Poynter's "A Corner of the Market Place"; Briton Riviere's "Envy, Hatred, and Malice" (a study of a girl with a group of dogs that pleased Academy visitors in 1881); Marcus Stone's little pair, "Fallen Out" and "Reconciled"; two studies of flower-girls by Luke Fildes, and many other pictures of flowers and flower-decked maidens that were very dear to Victorian hearts.

It will be interesting to see how the market reacts to-day to this representative collection of Academy exhibits in the 'eighties. Some of these painters used to command their thousands, but their work has undergone considerable re-valuation in recent years, though they may come into their own again as many of their predecessors have done.

The late Mr. H. D. Ellis was a great collector of rare old English silver spoons, and the sale of this collection at Sotheby's next month will afford buyers of such relics a very favourable opportunity of adding to their treasures. Some of these spoons date back to medieval times. One of acorn knob design is believed to be nearly 600 years old. There are also fine examples of the fifteenth

century, notably an Apostle spoon marked in the bowl with the four-pointed star which Mr. Ellis declared to be the earliest recorded mark on spoons.

To about the same period belongs one of the first of the lion-topped spoons, with the lion *sejant guardant* and not *sejant affronte* as the meeker design of later years presented it. The only other known example of this early lion-topped spoon is in the Victoria and Albert Museum. There are also spoons made by London silversmiths in the times of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth.

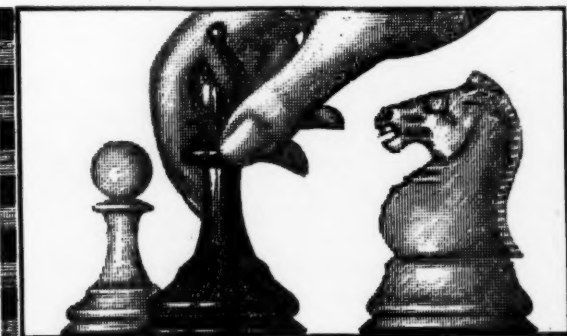
There are Spies About

HOW often have I heard these words, or words to the same effect, coupled with an admonition to watch my step, in various parts of Central and Eastern Europe during the last two or three years?

That "there are spies about," practically everywhere, is the subject of a book entitled "The Spy Menace, An Exposure of International Espionage" (Thornton Butterworth, 10s. 6d.), by Richard W. Rowan, an American, who, I gather, was at one time a member of the famous Pinkerton agency.

It is an extremely interesting but a rather formidable and disturbing work, which undoubtedly goes a long way to justify the claim made on the publishers' "jacket" that it is a terrible revelation of what is going on in world-wide espionage and international intrigue.

R.M.



A grand old tobacco which, for over 50 years, has been smoked by men who appreciate honest-to-goodness quality. Try an ounce of this mellow, unique old spun cut; it's not particularly expensive.

Bishop's Move
SPUN CUT
TOBACCO

IN 1 & 2 OUNCE TINS 1/1 THE OUNCE

Issued by (John, Weenan & Co., Ltd.

Winged Britannia

By G. Delop Stevenson.

THIS Saturday the passenger air service from London to Australia will officially open, mail having been successfully carried over the route since December.

There now remains only Canada, West Africa and New Zealand which are not directly linked with London by Imperial Airways. Ten years ago this company was Imperial only in name, since it did not fly beyond the borders of Europe. To-day, like the great cable lines, it is an "all red route" to the farthest Dominions, and it is continually growing and stretching further.

The services to India and South Africa were duplicated on January 1st, and now there is as much crush on the new as there was on the old accommodation.

Imperial Airways has a grand total of 32,500,000 passenger miles to its credit, which have been flown over Empire routes. All this moreover has only been done in the last six years.

It was in April of 1929 that the service to India was started, the South African route was not developed till 1931 and 1932, while the extensions to Calcutta, Rangoon and Singapore took place during 1933.

The development of the great inter-Imperial routes is spectacular but the local growth of civil aviation within the different Dominions is hardly less interesting.

It has been as varied as the countries themselves and shows the desire both for local independence and Imperial co-operation which characterises all Imperial relations. Before there were any plans for linking up with Imperial Airways Australia had ringed her coasts round with an air mail service. The different sections are run by different companies. That which goes from Perth to the North-West is now in the hands of Sir A. MacPherson Robertson, of Melbourne air race fame. Where there is no other means of communication the Government gives a subsidy on a mileage basis; where the air service competes with a railway it merely gets paid for the mail it carries.

Imperial Airways does not, of course, actually fly to Australia, but is represented from Singapore on by its subsidiary, Qantas Empire Airways.

In the same way in India Imperial Airways undergoes a local transformation and flies in conjunction with Indian Trans-Continental Airways. Meanwhile the latter and other Indian firms have since 1932 begun to spread out an Indian network. There is a service from Karachi to Madras via Bombay, others from Karachi to Lahore and Calcutta to Dacca.

Flights to take pilgrims to shrines is a specially Indian development.

In South Africa Imperial Airways' local services co-operate with Imperial Airways.



The Imperial Airways' liner "Hengist," with the first air mail from England to Australia

Canada carried as much as 2,883 tons of freight by air last year, but 80 per cent of this went to the north.

A magnificent chain of aerodromes from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast has been built as an unem-

EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

ployment relief measure, but as yet these aerodromes are not in use.

As in Australia the air service is of immense value over the thousands of miles where there is no other communication. In Europe air services are merely useful for quicker travelling as an alternative to railways, but in the Dominions they often serve almost inaccessible districts.

Black Magic in West Africa

I HEARD over the week-end a queer story relating to the notorious Leopard Society and the Alligator Society of the West African coast. My informant was a former Political Officer, and we were discussing a Sotheby's sales catalogue in which was listed a massive West African sacrificial table, boldly carved with the figures of two clawing leopards, for sale on April 30.

The table had been shipped from Sierra Leone by a naval commander. It is the second West African "black magic" symbol to come into the market recently.

The other was an elephant's tusk, ornately carved with the figure of a giant alligator. This was used by the witch doctor of the Alligator Society to summon members.

"As far as we know," my friend told me, "the Alligator Society is now extinct—officially, if not unofficially, and I was one of those 'in at the death.'"

"It would be impolitic to mention places, but way back in 1910, many natives were disappearing permanently from villages bordering a certain swampy river. Before each man disappeared, the imprint of an alligator's claw was made in the soft earth outside his hut.

"This confirmed the political officer's suspicions that the Alligator Society was up to its old tricks again. With great difficulty he induced a native suspected of being connected with the society to reveal its plans.

"The society, the officer learned, had its headquarters on the river bank, in a cave which was half subterranean. Below this cave was another, which was connected with the upper cave by a primitive trapdoor. When a victim was earmarked for sacrifice he was taken to the upper cave, mutilated by members of the society armed with alligator's claws, and lowered through the trapdoor into the lower cave, where, each night, a giant alligator used to wait for its supper. The political officer actually surprised the society in the midst of its rites.

It is generally suggested by those who know the Gold Coast that the Leopard Society is not yet dead. In this, the rites are similar to the Alligator Society, except that the victim is mauled by leopard's claws before being finally murdered on the sacrificial table.

B.R.

Pioneers of Canada

A BRIEF history of the famous Hudson's Bay Company, which was incorporated in 1670, has just been issued—the first official history in 265 years. It is history and romance intermingled—the history of Canada and the romance of the pioneers who established and carried on the Company.

The original Charter gave rights to "sole trade and commerce" within the entrance of the Hudson Strait which, in the terms of geography to-day, meant the provinces of Ontario and Quebec north of the Laurentian Hills and west of the Labrador boundary, the whole of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the southern half of Alberta and the south-east corner of the Dominion's north-west territories!

By Deed of Surrender in 1869 the

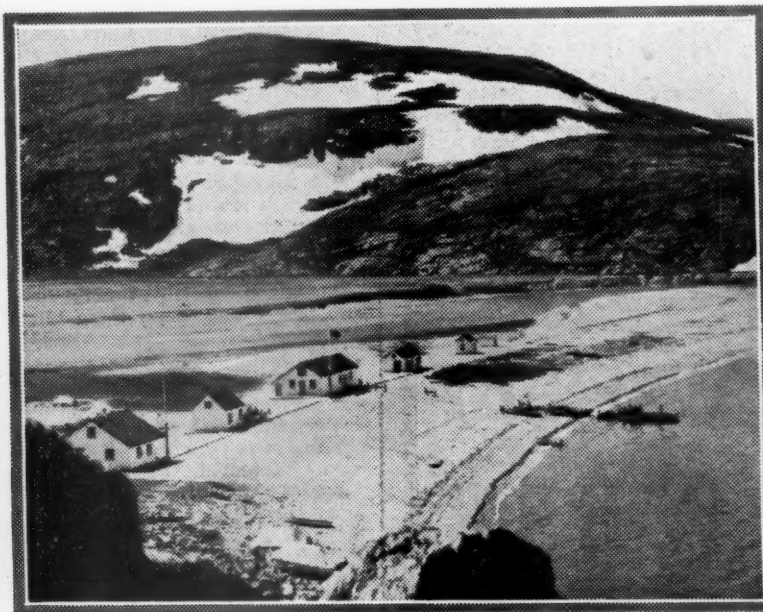
The Empire's Rubber

By James Henry Gardener.

THE recent cut in the production quotas of rubber and the consequent sharp rise in its price, coupled with the reports from Ceylon of troubles over rubber smuggling, form another stage in the complex history of this product.

Rubber is the outstanding product of Empire co-operation. Its collection commenced from trees growing wild in Brazil.

After long research a grand experiment was organised with Kew Gardens as the centre. Seeds were rushed there from Brazil in 1875 with every precaution that was known in handling, temperature, moisture, etc. Happily they germinated and thrived, and were then transhipped with the same care all over the Empire; arrangements having been made long before for every detail.



Wolstenholme Post—Hudson Bay

(Reproduced by permission of the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company).

Company gave up some of its trading privileges, after developing Canada on a scale never before achieved by one body. Peace had been maintained in the wilderness, trading conducted without violence, principles of justice established, and exploration successfully accomplished.

But in 1869 the time for settlement had come. Cities were to rise about the stockades, and ploughs were to turn long furrows where the buffalo had ranged.

The Fur Trade, the senior service of the Company, brings its year to a close on May 31st. Each bale of merchandise handled by the fur trade this year will be labelled with the symbol of the 265th "outfit" of the country. Unbroken trading for 265 years—a wonderful record!

A proportion of the seedlings thrived and formed the nuclei for stocks in Ceylon, India, Jamaica, Burma, West Africa, Java and elsewhere. Then plantation began.

Soon the adventure became a commercial one. The high price of 1s. 6d. a lb. made it very profitable, and plantations were expanded rapidly. The rubber boom arrived and continued till after the war, as the ever-widening use of rubber absorbed every increase in output. Ultimately, however, even this demand was filled and the price began to fall.

The history of rubber then became one of schemes and restrictions.

The Stevenson restriction scheme was formed to cut down production, and was observed within the Empire. But outside in the Dutch

Empire

Apr. 13—Opening of Imperial Airways passenger service to Australia.

Apr. 15—Arrival of the South African Cricket Team on the "Armada Castle." They will be met at Southampton by representatives of the M.C.C.

Empire Press Union dinner at Grosvenor House to the delegates who have returned from the Imperial Press Conference in South Africa.

Apr. 17—British Sportsmen's Club luncheon at the Savoy to Mr. Lyons, Premier of Australia.

Apr. 23—At 9.50 p.m., Broadcast on "Empire News," by Mr. H. V. Hodson, Editor of the "Round Table."

Apr. 25—At 3.45 p.m., "At Home" of the East African branch of the Overseas League.

Apr. 27—At 2.30 p.m., Overseas League visit to Fishmongers' Hall.

Apr. 28—At 6.45 p.m., Broadcast on "The Empire at Work." Speaker to be announced later.

East Indies it was not so observed, and the scheme failed. Then after seven years' free competition, a new international scheme was organised and is being tried out.

Mr. Lyons and the North

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

THERE has been a tendency in the North of England to assume that direct discussion between the Australian Commonwealth Government delegation and British textile interests over the Australian tariff has merely been postponed.

It can, however, be stated quite definitely that there will be no direct consultation by the Australian Ministers on these points. Mr. J. A. Lyons, the Prime Minister, insists that tariff and other grievances that may be felt by British industrialists are a matter between Governments.

Mr. Lyons hopes to visit both Yorkshire and Lancashire as part of his general mission to England, but to receive the formal representations of any one branch of British industry would set a precedent that would render him prey to deputations of business men throughout his tour.

It is the misfortune of the North that some of its chief enterprises are also those which are developing most rapidly in Australia's progress towards effective secondary industry.

Mr. Dalton, the British Trade Commissioner in Australia, whose services have been valued alike by this country and the Commonwealth, spoke very frankly at Leeds last week in dealing with Australia's difficulties as an importer. He said that Yorkshire must realise that, except for the finer qualities of

Diary

Apr. 29—At 12.30 for 1 p.m., *R. E. S. Luncheon of Welcome to the South African Cricket Team at the Hotel Victoria. The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone in the chair, supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Mayor of London.*

Arrival of the South African Bowling Team.

Apr. 31 At 6.45 p.m., Broadcast on "From the Four Corners." A series of first-hand impressions of Travellers in all parts of the World. Speaker to be announced later.

Apr. 13 to May 4—Imperial Institute Cinema, "Short Talks to Schools" at 10.15 a.m. India, 15th, 16th and 17th April. From April 18th to 27th, "Kamet Conquered," the record of the British Himalayan Expedition of 1931-32, will be shown daily at 10.15 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 2.15 p.m. and 3.35 p.m., Sundays, 2.45 p.m. and 4.15 p.m. From April 28th to May 4th, "Shiraz," the legend of the history of the Taj Mahal, with an all-Indian caste. Times to be announced later.

worsted, the Australian import trade in woollen goods had, to all intents and purposes, vanished.

Southern Rhodesia's Premier

MRS. G. MARTIN HUGGINS, wife of the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, and the youngest of her two small sons, reached England by the South African mail boat that arrived last Monday.

Mr. Huggins, who is coming by air, is not expected until April 28.

Mr. G. M. Huggins (F.R.C.S. (Lond.)), was born at Bexley, England, some 52 years ago. He went to Rhodesia in 1910 and started a medical practice in Salisbury. He was at once successful.

During the Great War he saw service with the R.A.M.C. in France and was also surgeon at the Military Hospital at Brighton and at the Valetta Hospital in Malta.

Mr. Huggins' political career is peculiar in as much as he got drawn into it almost against his will. His political suggestions and criticisms were so shrewd, and his point of view so original and illuminating, that his friends, in all parties, prevailed upon him to stand as a candidate for the first Rhodesian parliamentary election in 1924.

He was elected by a large majority and sat on the Government benches. He was re-elected at the next General Election in 1928, when the Rhodesian Party again—but with a smaller majority—returned to power.

During that Parliament Mr. Huggins became increasingly critical of the Cabinet's policy and eventually crossed the floor of the House to be

Leader of the Opposition, or Reform Party.

There are, or were till recently, three parties in Southern Rhodesia, styled respectively, Rhodesia, Reform, and Labour. A visitor might find it difficult to discover the difference between the first two, while the name "Labour" would puzzle him still more, for, in Africa, south of the Equator, Socialism comes a hopeless cropper over the "colour bar."

At the General Election in 1933, the Reform Party, headed by Mr. Huggins, came into power by a small majority.

While a few months later Mr. Huggins, as Prime Minister, was paying an official visit to England, dissensions became apparent amongst the rank and file of his supporters.

Rather than rely on the tendered

The Masai

By Mary Edmonds.

THE Masai people are cattle pastoralists, occupying the equatorial highland east of Lake Victoria. Their territory includes parts of Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda. Racially, they are a blend of Mediterranean and negroid stocks, and their language is related to the Hamitic speech of Abyssinia and the Eastern Sudan.

They are tall and slender, with long limbs, a thin face, and features more finely cut than those of pure negroes. The skin colour varies from light chocolate to dark brown.

The predominating interest of these people is the possession of cattle. Land as such holds no interest for them, and they practise no agriculture.



Masai Warriors

support of the Rhodesia party, then in opposition, Mr. Huggins determined to fuse the parties. So, after a year as Prime Minister, he, in 1934, appealed to the country and was again returned to power, this time as the head of a virtual Coalition, styled the United Party.

It was inevitable that his few political opponents should call Mr. Huggins a dictator. At least it is true that he is the outstanding personality in his Cabinet; but his incisive method of tackling problems is tempered by a readiness to accept constructive criticism. It is this, with his frank and charming manner and his sense of humour, that is the basis of his peculiar popularity and power in the House and country.

Mr. Huggins is believed to be the only F.R.C.S. to reach Cabinet rank while still following his profession.

At the age of twelve or thirteen a Masai boy leaves his parents to join the warriors' kraal. The purpose of the warrior class was originally to prepare for raids on neighbouring tribes, in order to procure more cattle.

The Government no longer allows these hostile practices, and in consequence the warrior organisation is changing. Many now marry and have children while still living in the warrior group.

In the middle of the last century, at the period of their greatest power and prosperity, the Masai probably numbered forty to fifty thousand, but about fifty years ago there was a serious plague among the herds and they died in thousands, many of their owners dying with them. To-day there are only about ten thousand.

LATEST EMPIRE ARRIVALS

Air Mail Passengers.—Mr. Warren Davies, from Mbeya; Lt.-Com. F. Whitfield and Mr. Ritchie, from Nairobi; Mr. Bibby, Mr. Fell, and Mr. Crosby, from Kisumu; and the Hon. W. Keith Roll, from Juba; the Duke of Norfolk and Captain Howard, from Nairobi; Mrs. Mackinnon, from Kisumu; and Mr. Howard Barry, Mr. D. E. Gibbs, Mr. Oldhart and Mr. L. Ball, from Khartoum.

Australia.—Mr. G. W. A. Peyton, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Savage, Mr. Sholto Douglas and Miss Eve Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Cossart and Miss M. Cossart, all from Brisbane; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cohen, of Tamworth, N.S.W.; Mr. E. Samuels, a Sydney music composer; Mr. and Mrs. J. Beresford Grant and Misses M. and E. Beresford Grant, of Sydney; Mr. T. J. Hartigan, Railway Commissioner for New South Wales, and the Misses Joan and Gwen Hartigan (Miss Joan Hartigan is to play in the lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon); Miss Peggy Ross Nott and Mrs. H. B. Farncomb, of Sydney; Sir Charles and Lady Campbell and Miss M. S. Campbell; Mrs. E. J. Cootie and Miss Ella Cootie, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stevenson, of Boorawa, N.S.W.; the Bishop of Bathurst, Mrs. Crotty and Mr. Colles Crotty; Mrs. Edward Shackell, of Melbourne.

Canada.—Mr. Thomas P. Regan, K.C., barrister, Saint John, Cumberland Hotel; Mr. Archibald Hueatic (paper makers' chemicals), Toronto, Rubens Hotel; Second Lieut. E. Parkinson, 4th Division C.A.S.C., Montreal, in Oldham; Mr. S. McClelland, representative of the Cunard Line, Winnipeg, Cosmo Hotel; Mr. A. Terroux, assistant trust officer, National Trust Co., Ltd., Rembrandt Hotel; Mr. B. Salmonovitz, proprietor of the Dominion Fur Co., Quebec, Cumberland Hotel; Mr. R. Edgar Thorne, president, Canadian Bronze Powder Works, Ltd., Montreal, and Mrs. Thorne, 7, Park Place; Mr. Glyn Osler, K.C., of the legal firm of Blake, Lash, Anglin and Cassels, Toronto, and Mrs. and Miss Osler, Brown's Hotel; Mr. W. C. Burpe, vice-president and secretary-treasurer, D'Alaird Manufacturing Company, Montreal, and Mrs. Burpe, Park Lane Hotel; Mr. C. Bindman, of Quebec, Savoy Hotel; Mr. Walter J. Clarke, of Quebec, and Mr. Ralph Parsons, of Montreal, Savoy Hotel; Dr. W. Chipman, of Montreal, and Mr. and

Mrs. W. C. Young, of Toronto, Claridges; Vera Sharland, Victoria, B.C., Tenterden, Kent; Nesta D. Ellis, Victoria, B.C., Romney Club, Trebovir Road, Earls Court; Margaret Brackler, Victoria, B.C., 1, Longton Avenue, S.E.26; Nigell Vorley, Kelowna, B.C., The Manor, Blomfield; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baker, Vancouver, B.C., Bonnington Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. M. Lougheed, New Westminster, B.C., c/o B.C. House; Mrs. M. M. MacEwen, Montreal; S. M. McClay, Vancouver, Mount Royal Apartments; K. Wemyss, Vancouver, Mount Royal Apartments; A. MacCulloch, Vancouver, Mount Royal Apartments; E. D. Cassett, Vancouver, Mount Royal Apartments; Mr. C. E. Smith, research assistant, University of Toronto, 125, Bedford Court Mansions; Mr. Robert R. Boronow, president, Robert R. Boronow, Ltd., importers, Montreal, Mount Royal Hotel; Mr. A. J. Price, of Price Bros. and Co., lumber and paper merchants, Quebec, 84, Swan Court; Mr. W. P. Riley, president, Western Grocers, Ltd., Winnipeg, and a director of the Canadian branch of Commerce, and Mrs. Riley, Grosvenor House; Mr. C. R. Dent, secretary, Confederation Life Association, Toronto, and Mrs. Dent, and Mr. G. H. Woolcombe, adjuster of the Association, and Mrs. Woolcombe, c/o Confederation Life Association, Bush House; G. Noel Brown, Bonnington Falls, B.C., c/o Midland Bank, Poultry, E.C.; B. E. Burd, Vancouver, B.C., 22, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7; Gen. A. H. Eustace, Duncan, B.C., Grindley & Co., Parliament Street; Captain J. M. MacNeil, Cloverdale, B.C., Westcroft, George Road, Milford-on-Sea; John A. Nowlin, Vancouver, 68, Guilford Street, W.C.; R. M. Maitland, Vancouver, Strand Palace Hotel.

East Africa.—Commander C. B. Blencoe, of Kenya Colony, c/o Martin's Bank, Chester; A. W. Hemphill, Esq., c/o Dawson Waugh, Esq., Newmarket; Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Moore, 7, Shawfield Park, Bromley, Kent; Mrs. Rydon of Arusha, Tanganyika Territory, Lake Cottage, Awbrook, Haywards Heath; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Clarke, of Northern Rhodesia, Ford's Hotel, Manchester Square, W.1; Erle Gran of Tanga, c/o Standard Bank of South Africa, 10, Clement Lane, E.C.; E. H. Robins, of Kenya Colony, c/o Standard Bank of South Africa, 10, Clement Lane, E.C.; Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, of Nairobi, Kenya Colony, 22, Inverness Terrace, Hyde Park, London, W.2.

HOTELS—Continued

UNLICENSED

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel. (A quiet hotel) 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45s. Rec., 3s. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d.

LONDON.—Arlington House Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed 35s; Pens., from 53s. 6d. to 5 gns.

LONDON.—Artillery Mansions Hotel, 0887 and 2003, Bed., 200; Rec., 2s. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

LONDON.—Bickenhall Private Hotel. Very comfortable. Cent. Sit. 8 min. Baker Street, 5 min. Oxford Street. Welbeck 3401.

LONDON.—Bonnington Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte Bkfst, 8s. 6d. Tels.; Bonnington Hotel London.

LONDON.—Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom.: 230 Guests. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte Bkfst, 8s. 6d. Tels.: Aquacora, London.

LONDON.—Manor Hotel, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2.—Bed, 75s. Rec., 7s. Pens., from 34 gns. single, from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

LONDON.—Norfolk Residential Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

LONDON.—Palace Gate Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8.—Tel.: Western 6993. Bed, 80s. Rec., 3s. Pens., from 34 gns. W.E., 30s.

LONDON.—Strathallan Hotel, 88, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30s; Pens., from 24 gns. single, 5 gns. double. Ping pong, billiards.

LONDON.—Old Cedars Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30s; Rec., 2s; Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 30/-; G Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

LONDON.—Somers Paying Guest House, 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10s. Rec., 1s. Pens., from 3 gns. Tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel, Bed., 100s; Rec., 4s; Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/-. Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PHILLACK Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviere Hotel. Near sea, golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel. Keats Green.—Bed, 14s. Rec., 3s. Pens., from 34 gns. to 6 gns. W.E., 12s. to 15s. per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade, Bed., 80s. Rec., 2s. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day.

SOUTH Uist, I.O.M.—Lochboisdale Hotel, Bed., 32s; Rec., 7s; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed, 25s; Rec., 3s. Pens., 34 to 54 gns. W.E., 30/- to 55/-; Tennis, 5 mins. Golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed, 30s. Rec., 3s. Pens., 3 gns. W.E. 30s. Lun., 2s. Din., 3s. 6d. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

TORQUAY.—Nethway Private Hotel, Falkland Road.—Bed, 23s. Rec., 2s. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9s. per day. Golf, Tennis, yachting, fishing, dancing.

TORQUAY.—Glen Devon Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12s; Rec., 1s. Pens., 24 to 34 gns. Garden, Tennis, Golf, 1 min.

HOTELS AND LODGINGS

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54, ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, S.W.1.—3 rooms, kitchen, bath; ground floor, lady's quiet house; close buses, over-looking gardens; rent £110 (incl.).—Miss Gurney.

MISCELLANEOUS

PURE KENYA EMPIRE COFFEE.—1/- lb.; 10 lbs. 10/-; 5 lbs. 5/6 post free. Freshly roasted.—Whole berry or Ground.—Tasting sample 3d. post free. Cash with order. Rowland Stinson & Co., 28, Tower Hill, London, E.C.3. Estab. 1885.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed. 10. Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 3 course 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing. Loch Lomond 1 mile.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed. 100. Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf. Private. Fishing. shooting, riding, tennis.

BELFAST.—Kensington Hotel.—Bed., 76; Rec., 5; Pens., 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins. Visitors' fees, 2/6. Botanic Gardens.

BLACKPOOL.—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate terms.

BOURNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed. 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing pool, punts and canoes.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles; 3s. 6d. and 2s.; Yachting, fishing, hunting.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15s. per day. Golf, Trout fishing, riding, hunting.

CAMBRIDGE.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14s. to 17s. 6d. per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CLOVELLY.—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec. 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, hunting, shooting, sea bathing, boating.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from 4s 10s. Golf, hunting, shooting, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL.—Sea View, Bed. 9. Annex, 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35s. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, bathing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day. Golf, 3 miles; Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant. Managed by Proprietor. Phone: 5095.

ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed. 20. Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 42 15s. Lun., 3s. 6d. Din., 5s. Boating.

GLASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed. 66. Rec. 6. Pens., from 43 5s. Lun., 3s. Tea, 1s. 6d. Din., 5s. Tennis near, Golf near.

GULLANE, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed. 25. Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14s. to 16s. per day. Tennis Courts. Golf, Swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25s. Golf, 1 mile, 5s. per day. Tennis, bowls.

HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX.—Birch Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. to 4½ gns. Golf, hunting, fishing, bathing, billiards.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Over-looking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

KIBWORTH.—The Rose and Crown. Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN, Wales.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for comfort, fishing and golf. H. & C.

LONDON.—Barkston Gardens Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S. Kensington, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 42 12s. 6d. to 3 gns. Tennis.

LONDON.—Gore Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar, Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis. Queen's Club near.

LONDON.—Shaftesbury Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7s. 6d., double, 13s. 6d.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6. Rec., 2. Pens., 42 10s. W.E., 41 7s. Golf, 1 mile. Swimming.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Northumberland.—Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street, Bed. 70. Rec., 9. Pens., 44 W.E., 36s. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

OCKHAM, Surrey.—The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 41 per day. Lun., 4s. 6d. Tea, 1s. 9d. Din., 6s. Golf, Effingham, Weybridge.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PLYMOUTH, Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. Golf, 1 mile. Tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from 48. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel. England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 899.

SALOP.—Talbot Hotel, Clebury Mortimer. Bed. 7. Rec., 1. Pens., 84s. Lun., 3s. and 3s. 6d. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, YORKS.—Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., 43 12s. 6d. W.E., 21s. Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns. W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 61 to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive for 3 days. Cricket, hunting, bathing, tennis, golf.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. —Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed. 15. Pens., 43 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed. 12; Rec., 1; Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden Golf, Riding.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel. H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire.—Royal Hotel. Bed. 30. Rec., 2. Pens., from 6 gns. Lun., 3s. 6d. Tea 1s. 6d. Din., 5s. Sup., 3s. 6d. Tennis. Fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel.—Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., 44/15/6. W.E., 41/17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE.—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed. 55. Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon. 33s. Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors. Phone 879.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

BRIGG, Lincolnshire.—Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., 43/10/0. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112 Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

BRIGHTON, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel.—Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel. Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop. L. V. Palmer.

CHELTENHAM SPA.—Visit The Bayhill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed. 15. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 10s. 6d. per day. Golf, Tennis. Winter Garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, fees from 2s. 6d. Fishing, tennis.

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimbome Road. Bed. 11; Rec., 2; Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns. W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; 5/- (Aug., Sept.).

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre Sea Front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. Phone. 141.

GLASGOW, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall Street, Charing Cross. Bed., 110; Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, 4 mile. Hunting, fishing.

GODALMING.—Farncombe Manor Hotel. Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, 3 within 2 miles. Fishing, boating, putting green, tennis.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. A Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone 596.

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HOLMBROOK, Cumberland.—Carleton Green Hotel. Pens., 4 gns.; Golf, Seascale 15-hole. Fishing, shooting, sea-bathing, mountain scenery, Tennis.

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ILFRACOMBE, N. Devon.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed. 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E. 12/- per day. Golf, 1 mile. Bowls, miniature golf.

ILFRACOMBE.—Imperial Hotel, Promenade. Bed., 90; Rec., 5; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 25/- to 35/-. Golf, bathing, bowls, hard and grass tennis courts.

INVERNESS.—Huntley Lodge Hotel. Mrs. J. Macdonald, proprietress.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2; Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf ½ mile away. Tennis bowls, croquet.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Spa Hotel, Holly Walk. Near gardens and pump room. H. & C. in bed. E. l. Gas fires. Billiards.

Socialists and the Banks

(By Our City Editor)

IT is as well that bankers themselves have at last abandoned their attempt to maintain an independent attitude on the question of political interference with the banks, for they are in a better position than anyone else to refute the Socialist party's charges and to warn the public of the consequences of the proposed Government control. Mr. Beaumont Pease, Chairman of Lloyds Bank, seized the opportunity of an address to the 1912 Club last week to show how the Socialists were inclined to modify their policy in accordance with what they consider the British public is likely to swallow in the shape of State banking control. The idea of a Socialist Government taking over the banks lock, stock, and barrel, and using their resources for the purpose of nationalising industry and controlling industry generally would be likely to prove repugnant to the electorate here, as it did in Australia and the proposals have been so modified as to entail "only a gentle hint from Whitehall of the general principles which ought to influence all bank managers and directors."

We have seen from a Socialist London County Council the forms which "gentle hints" can take. In their case the "gentle hints" vary from the abolition of cadet corps in the schools to the "Socialising" of text-books used for the education of the young and the removal of all pictures of national heroes which might inspire the Briton of the future to emulate the wicked greatness of his ancestors. Can one imagine what the financial system of the country, proved by the recent period of depression to be the soundest in the world, would become at the whim and caprice of Socialist minds which can evolve such pettifogging destructive measures as these?

Mr. Beaumont Pease also gave some interesting figures regarding Lloyds Bank to show how false are the Socialist charges that the banks consider only their shareholders. He pointed out that at the close of last year the capital of Lloyds Bank represented only 4.24 per cent. of the total funds deposited with the bank. It is these deposits, the savings of the people themselves, which have to be guarded against the raids of the Socialists and the only way to guard these savings is to impress upon the minds of the electorate, however swollen and irresponsible that body may have become, what will happen to its money if the Socialists come into full power.

I.C.I. Report

The full report of Imperial Chemical Industries confirms the good impression made up the profit statement. The combine made profits of £7,965,038 last year against £7,663,945 in 1933 and once more the Central Obsolescence fund receives a transfer of £1,000,000 with a similar transfer to general reserve, the balance allowing the dividend to be increased from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 per cent. with 2 per cent. on the deferred shares, against 1 per cent. for 1933, while the carry forward is increased by some £42,000 to £608,451. The profit has been obtained solely on the year's working and includes no windfalls in the shape of investment profits, so that the results are extremely satisfactory. As usual, the report contains an exhaustive survey of the trading position and while a further improvement in Home trade is mentioned, this was not so marked as in the previous year. Exports of dyestuffs, however, were substantially better and exports of explosives showed a moderate increase. In the balance-sheet the chief changes are in the cash position, cash and Government securities having declined in volume owing to repayment of some of the subsidiaries' debenture issues and also to the financing of the new Billingham coal-oil plant, the first unit having been successfully started up.

An important capital plan is now proposed, the deferred shareholders being offered one £1 ordinary share for each four 10s. deferred shares held. This will have the effect of raising the rate of dividend on what is, at present, the deferred capital, but it places the whole of the equity in the ordinary shareholders' hands. The directors frankly explain that it will involve a higher total distribution than the present capitalisation, though this excess would disappear once the dividend rate exceeds $9\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The plan does not look immediately attractive to the ordinary shareholders, but an important concern such as I.C.I. must build its capital structure for the future and, viewed in this light, the proposals are undoubtedly sound. The shares are also to be converted into stock, which should save much needless labour.

"Bucket Shops" Again

Once again "bucket shops" are actively engaged in persuading the innocent investor to part with his money on securities which, to say the least, are of doubtful value—if of any value at all. The usual practice nowadays is for the "bucket shop" or outside broker to publish what purports to be a financial paper with "investment advice" to readers. Sometimes the

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abortive advice is given by a straightforward circular. In any case, the would-be client will do well to remember that members of the Stock Exchange are not allowed to advertise and that they are the only channel through which business can be done, so that the client is sure of the *bona fides* of his broker. If the client goes to his bank, the business will always be put through a recognised stockbroker and, if the bank's advice is not always quite up-to-date in outlying districts, at least it will be honest. It is not safe to deal with an "outside" broker.

Army & Navy Stores

The progressive policy adopted by the Board of the Army and Navy Stores has resulted in increased gross and net profits for the past year, the figures being £627,886 and £129,853 respectively, compared with £611,087 and £121,535 in 1933. The usual 12½ per cent. dividend costs £102,500 and £19,772 is placed to pensions, etc., the amount carried forward being increased to £120,966, against £113,385 brought in. The balance sheet shows an exceptionally strong position, cash having increased from £95,133 to £117,809, while there are Government and other securities of market value £735,421, compared with £669,466 a year previously. The Chairman's review of retail trading conditions at the forthcoming meeting is awaited with interest.

COMPANY MEETING

APOLLINARIS & PRESTA, LIMITED

Business Checked by Politics and Exchanges

The thirty-eighth Annual General Meeting of Apollinaris & Presta, Limited was held recently at the Holborn Restaurant, the chairman of the Company, Mr. Alfred R. Holland, presiding.

In presenting the Directors' Report and Accounts for the year ended 31st December 1934, the Chairman pointed out that owing to the high German Exchange, the prime cost of Apollinaris, had risen by some 40 per cent. In addition to this handicap, they had also to face the clearing arrangements which Germany had made with about thirty countries.

All monies due to the Company from Germany were blocked over there, and consequently the Accounts had an unduly adverse appearance: otherwise the profits for the year would have shown a substantial increase.

The sales of Apollinaris in England had been very good, while in the U.S.A. the results showed a gratifying improvement.

The Board could not forecast when the position would be eased but the Company could not go on indefinitely paying to the Debenture and Deferred Interest Certificate holders more money than had been earned.

Sound Financial Position

The business was still worked at a trading profit and their financial position was sound: the accounts showed over £23,000 in cash, as well as £20,000 in War Loan. Their troubles were political, not commercial, and no foresight could have avoided them.

Presta Progresses

In seconding the adoption of the Report and Accounts, Mr. F. J. Schilling, Vice-Chairman and Managing Director, referred to the increasing importance of Presta Aerated Waters and Fruit Squashes, and mentioned that a third factory at Edenbridge in Kent had just been put into operation in addition to the existing factories at Colindale and Elland. The Directors suggested that the Sales Manager, Mr. A. R. Arrowsmith, whose work in building up the Presta business had been invaluable, be invited to take a seat on the Board.

Lord Lurgan made a brief complimentary reference to the work of Mr. Arrowsmith in establishing the Presta business.

The Report and Accounts were adopted unanimously and the proceedings terminated with votes of thanks to the Chairman and to the Staff.

BROADCASTING

UNDERPAID ACTORS

By Alan Howland

I SUPPOSE every listener wonders from time to time where his licence money goes. He sees that the B.B.C. has a yearly income of as many millions as he has hundreds and he imagines, not unnaturally, that a great deal could be done with such colossal sums. He is not to be blamed for thinking that as the virtual donor of the feast he should receive some consideration. He is not particularly thrilled to learn that the members of the governing body receive salaries ranging from £3,000 a year down to £700, it merely makes him wonder how long he must pay his annual licence in order to keep one of these amiable cyphers off the dole. He does not really worry very much whether the carpet in the Programme Director's office is specially designed and hand-woven, except in so far as it is bought out of his money. On the other hand, he has a perfect right to ask whether there might not be a more equitable adjustment between the money spent on unproductive things and the money spent on the programmes which he has paid to hear.

Five Guineas a Week

I have already tried to expose the disgraceful manner in which the B.B.C. treats its dramatic authors. I have pointed out that an author must sell his creative work in perpetuity for considerably less than a junior B.B.C. official will earn in a week. There is just as bad to follow.

The actors who are sufficiently misguided to work for the B.B.C. are grossly ill-used. They are frequently, if not invariably, compelled to attend eight or nine three-hour rehearsals for a play which occupies one hour's broadcasting space. For this, if they are lucky, they may earn as much as five guineas—many receive less. In other words there are dozens of reputable actors and actresses who spend an entire week at Broadcasting House for the wage of a crossing-sweeper. They dare not refuse the job lest they find themselves barred from the Golden Gates.

Once again the result is inevitable. The B.B.C. cannot command the services of the best English actors because it will not pay them reasonable fees; at the same time it cannot develop a school of purely microphone artists because no actor can possibly afford to work for the B.B.C. alone, and since the B.B.C. demands so much rehearsal for so little result he prefers to do an occasional day's crowd work at Elstree or elsewhere and leave it at that. Which is why the B.B.C. dramatic programmes are so outstandingly good.

Direct subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the "Saturday Review," 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

THEATRE

THREE BRILLIANT ARTISTS

"The Old Ladies"

New Theatre

By Rodney Ackland.

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Ackland has adapted Hugh Walpole's novel extremely well; so well, in fact, that one forgot that it was not originally conceived as a stage-play. Mr. Ackland, with the help of the producer, Mr. John Gielgud, and those three brilliant artists, Miss Mary Jerrold, Miss Jean Cadell and Miss Edith Evans, made it possible for even the hardened play-goer to imagine how it feels when first one's toes and then one's heels and then, by gradual degrees, one's calves and ankles, shins and knees are slowly eaten bit by bit.

Miss Evans stalked her way through the play remorselessly. She made it abundantly clear that her covetousness would not boggle at murder, albeit murder of a most refined and ingenious type; a fine performance by a fine actress. Miss Jean Cadell as the possessor of the trinket which caused all the trouble presented a perfect picture of the fluttering cardiac spinster direct from the Cathedral Close. Miss Mary Jerrold was sanity itself. In a part which in the hands of a less experienced artist might have been sickly and sentimental, she showed that charm and sincerity are worth all the theatrical tricks in the world.

The settings by Motley were excellent and the formidable combination of the author, the producer and the artists should ensure a long run for this very interesting play.

"The Alchemist"

Princes Theatre

By Ben Jonson

I am extremely glad that Mr. Ronald Adam brought his Embassy Theatre production of the Immortal comedy to the West End. It was a noble gesture, whether it succeeded or not. The Poet Laureate described this play as being in his opinion perfect in construction. With the greatest deference I range myself on the side of Mr. Massfield. There is not a false entrance nor an artificial exit in all the play; all is straight-forward with no fudging.

I am sure the author would have liked to see this production. He would have enjoyed the smooth civility of Mr. Hugh Miller, the robustness of Mr. Austin Trevor, the flamboyance of Miss Iris Hoey, the sumptuousness of Mr. Bruce Winston and the simpering fatuity of Mr. John Deverell. Mr. Brember Wills, too, as an almost gymnastic puritan would, I am sure, have caught his roguish eye.

Miss Olga Katzin's production was swift and sure. It achieved the unusual feat of presenting what is frankly a farce without making it too outrageously farcical. A most enjoyable evening at the conclusion of which one could not but say, "O Rare Ben Jonson."

C.S.

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Six Famous Players

Edited by
Bernard Darwin

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